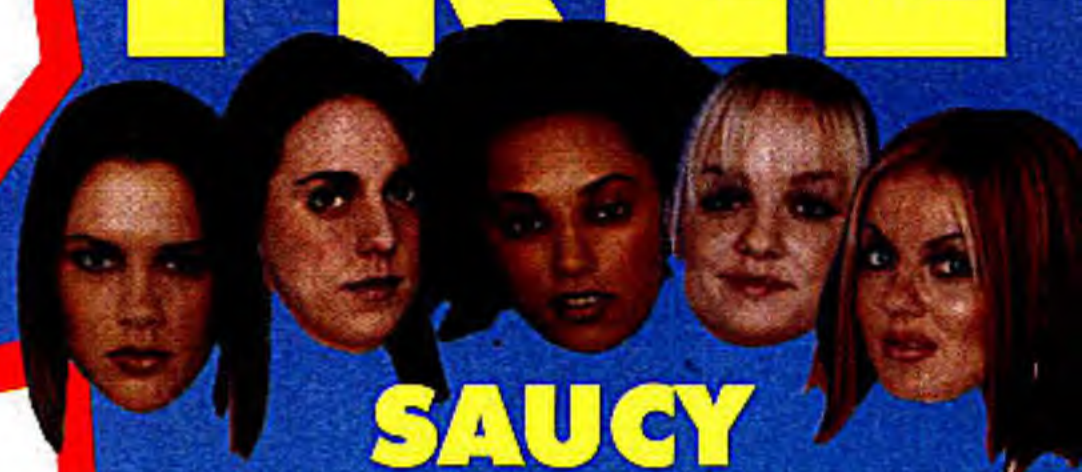


Issue 82

£1.50 Not for sale to children  
(US \$3.75)

# FREE



**SAUCY  
SPICE GIRLS  
SPICE RACK**

couchtripper.com

## FARMER PALMER

### Nobby's Piles

## SP-RINGPIECE SPECIAL!

GET OFF MY  
AAAARSES!



## Johnny Fartpants The Parkie Cockney Wanker









To combat soaring crime in the nineties, we've decided to bring back the traditional Bobby on the Beat - an all too rare sight on Britain's streets today. Unlike modern stick wielding cops who hide behind riot shields, our old fashioned Bobby will be patrolling the pages of this magazine on foot, armed only with his authoritative stature and a few words of friendly advice. We'd like you to meet P. C. Jack Roberts.

The  
VIZ

# BOBBY ON THE BEAT

This week Jack has a cautionary tale about the evil of drugs - a problem that could be closer to home than you imagine.

## THE DEVIL WITHIN



Evening all. PC Roberts here. I know what you're thinking. Drugs are someone else's problem, not mine. YOUR kids would never take drugs. Well, that's exactly what the parents in this house thought. But how wrong they were.

"Mr and Mrs Jones were a decent, respectable, hard working couple. Their son Kevin was a sensible lad who attended a good, private school."

I'm off to bed Mum. I've got exams tomorrow.

Good boy. Have you done your homework?

Yes, 'course I have. Night night.

I'm so glad Kevin is a sensible lad. You read so much about drugs these days.

**Sun!**  
**DRUGS!**  
**DRUGS!**  
**DRUGS!**

Our Kevin wouldn't get mixed up in that dear. He's not the type.



"Our Kevin's not the type." How many times have we all said that, eh? But how well do YOU know YOUR children? Would you spot the signs if YOUR kids were on drugs?

The following morning...

Is your breakfast alright Kevin?

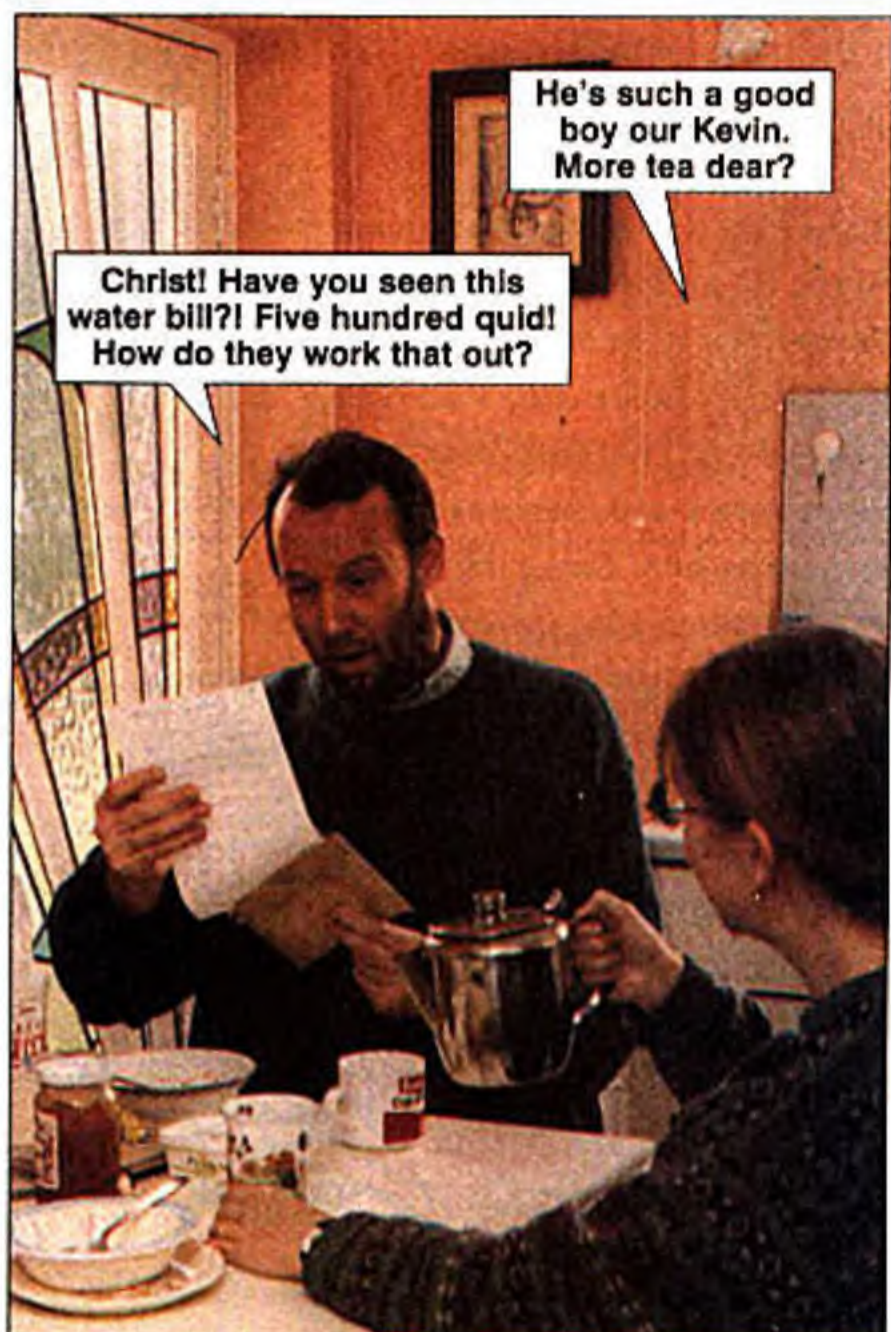
Yeah Mum. It's far out.

Shortly...

Don't be late for school Kevin.

**Sun!**  
**MORE DRUGS!**

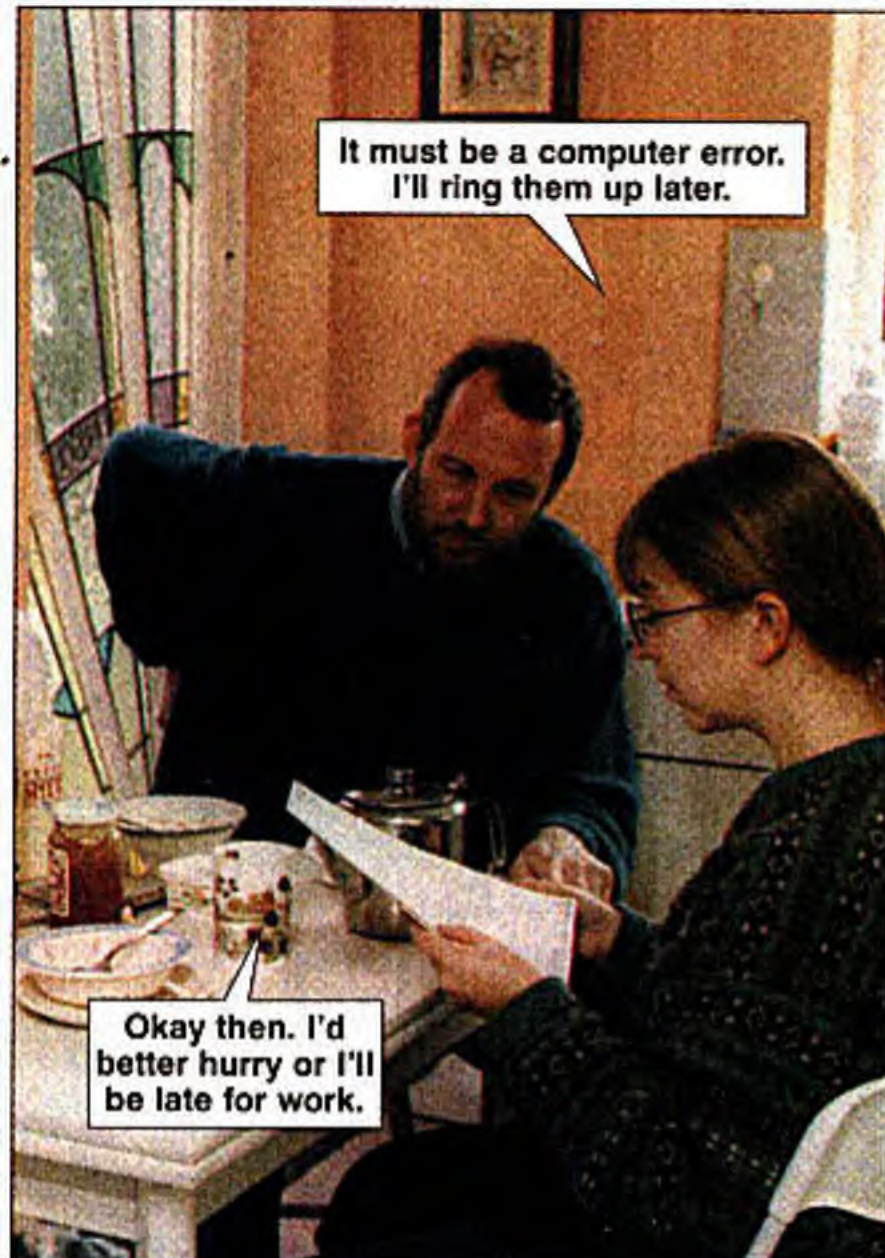
Hey! Chill out Mrs J. I'm in plenty of time.



He's such a good boy our Kevin. More tea dear?

Christ! Have you seen this water bill?! Five hundred quid! How do they work that out?





It must be a computer error. I'll ring them up later.

Okay then. I'd better hurry or I'll be late for work.



"But Mr Jones was in for another surprise..."

Oh no! Someone's broken into the car!

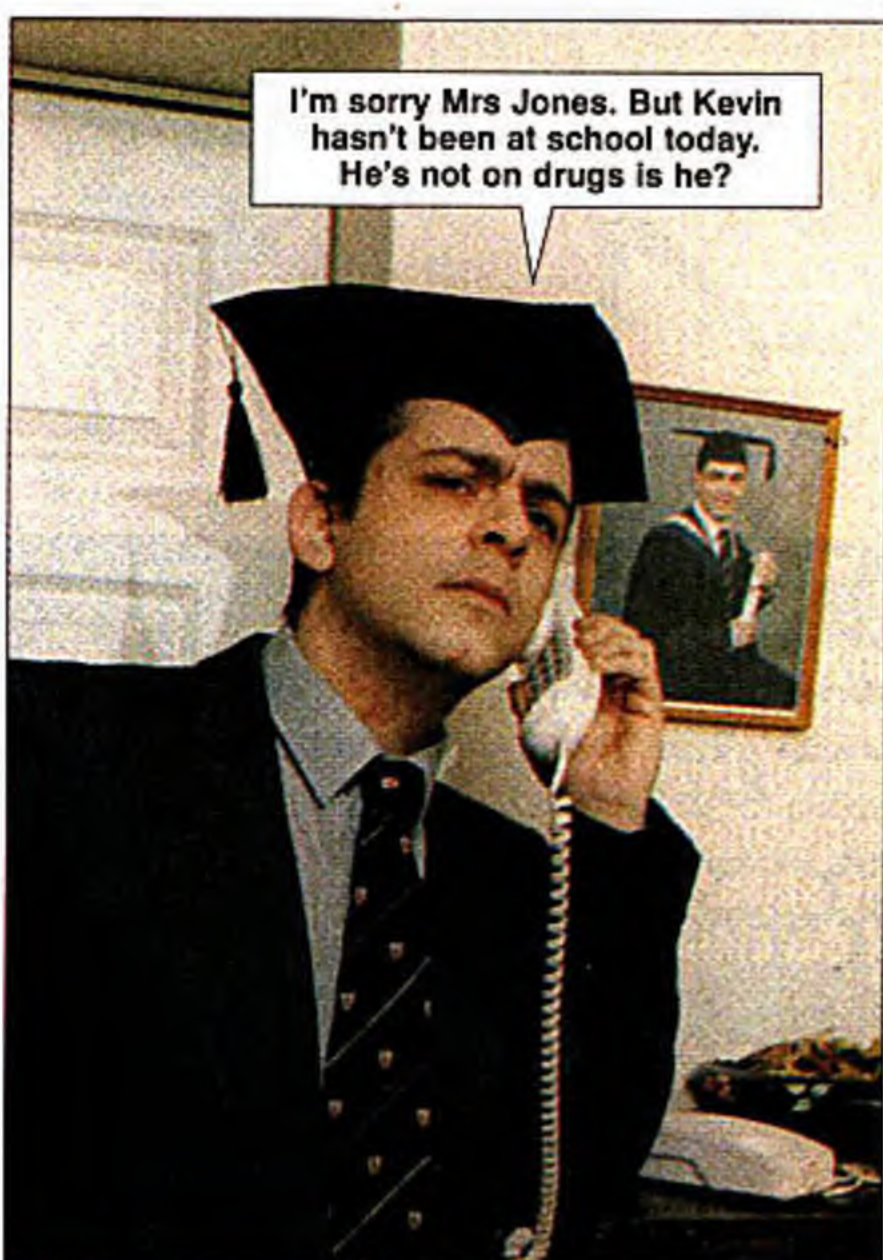


It was probably a Scottish tramp. No doubt he'll have sold the radio to a 'fence' to raise money to pay for cheap lager.

Perhaps Kevin saw something. I'll contact the school and ask him.



Hello? Is that Marbley Towers private school? Mrs Jones here. I wonder if I could speak to my son Kevin.



I'm sorry Mrs Jones. But Kevin hasn't been at school today. He's not on drugs is he?



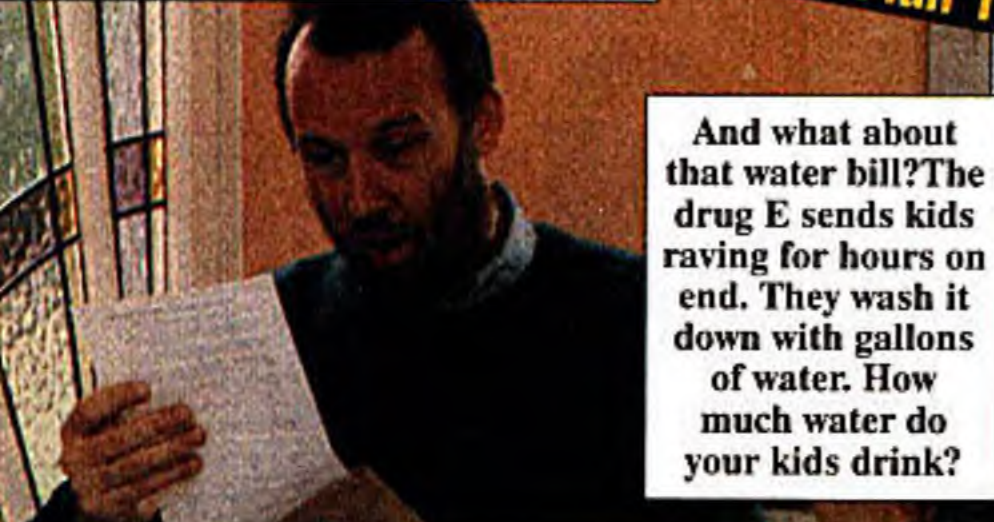
At last the coin was beginning to drop. The signs had all been there, but Mrs Jones had failed to spot them.

Did YOU spot the signs? Let's take another look...



"Did you spot the pop magazine Kevin took to bed? Pop stars blatantly promote the use of drugs, including E, both directly, and indirectly through the hypnotic beats of their music."

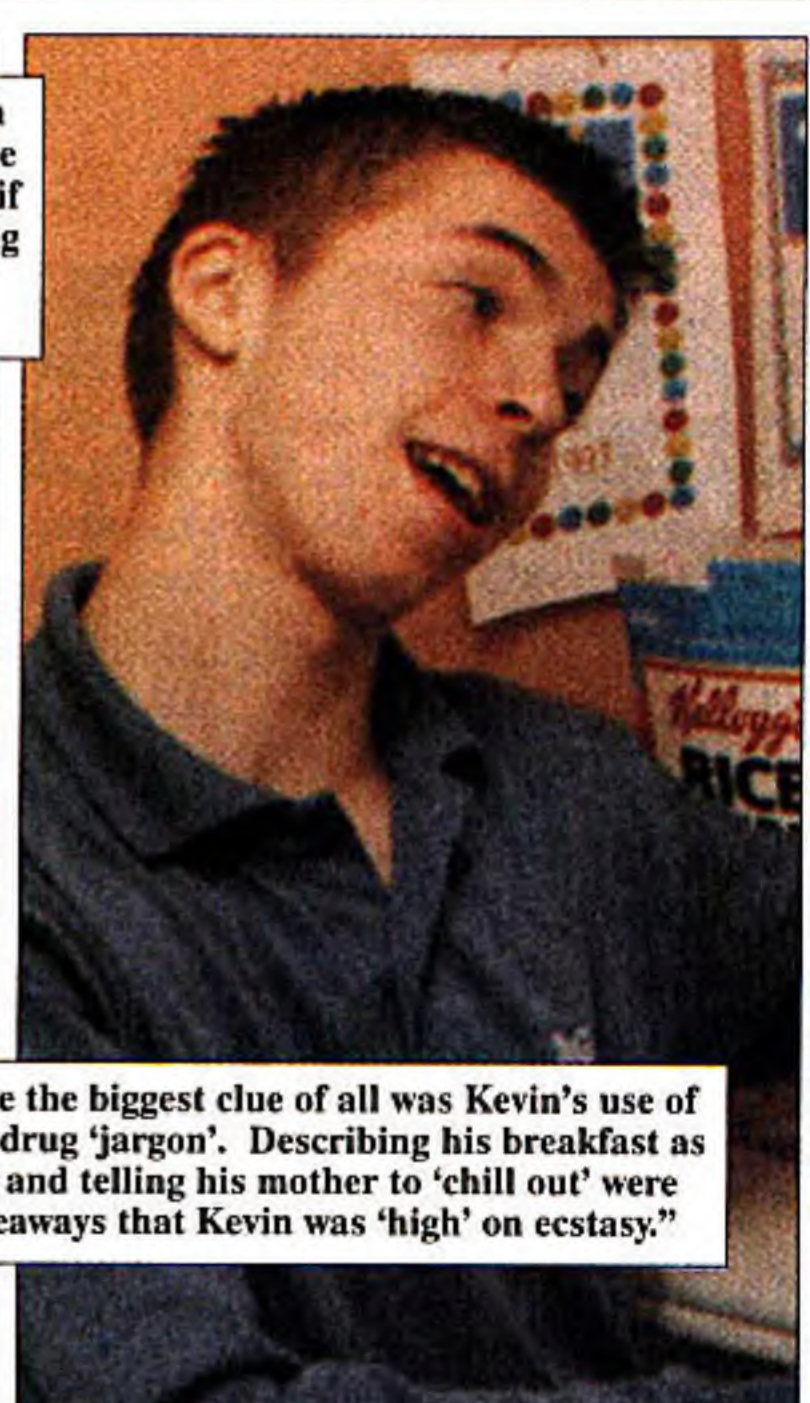
Exclusive  
Hey kids!  
**E's**  
GREAT!  
says  
Brian 17



And what about that water bill? The drug E sends kids raving for hours on end. They wash it down with gallons of water. How much water do your kids drink?



Dad blamed the car radio theft on alcoholic Scottish tramps, and nine times out of ten he'd be right. But if Kevin was a 'user', or 'junky' taking E pills he'd need to steal to feed his expensive hobby.



"Of course the biggest clue of all was Kevin's use of 'slang', or drug 'jargon'. Describing his breakfast as 'far out', and telling his mother to 'chill out' were dead giveaways that Kevin was 'high' on ecstasy."



"Mrs Jones knew she had to find Kevin, and fast, before he inevitably progressed onto harder drugs."

"Eventually she spotted Kevin buying drugs from a 'dealer' in a playground."

This is good gear. You'll like it.

Hey, far out. Give me some of that shit.

KEVIN JONES! What the hell do you think you're doing?!!

And as for you. Dealing in death, ruining people's lives. I've got a good mind to beat you black and blue.

But I don't want you. You're just a small fish. I want Mr Big.

The real villains are the Mr Bigs, the evil drug barons who make millions by importing large quantities of drugs and selling them on. These faceless gangsters wear suits, drive cars and appear to lead respectable lives, making it impossible for police to catch them. But they hadn't bargained for Mrs Jones.

Right. I want the name and address of your Mr Big, or I'll give you a thick ear.

I don't know his name. Honest. Ouch!!

Okay! okay! His name is Mr X. I'm meeting him today at 2 o'clock.

That's more like it. Now we're getting somewhere.

Are you alright Kevin?

Yes Mum, I think I've just had a 'bad trip'.

Come on. Its time to put a stop to this evil drugs trade once and for all.

Mrs Jones headed straight to the docks where she knew a deal was going down that lunchtime.



"At two o'clock exactly a car pulled up and the deal started to 'go down'."

Have you got the bread?

Yeah. But I want to see the gear first.

Okay... but I've got a shooter. One false move and I'll ventilate you and make you into history.

IT'S YOU!!

You - a drug baron!! How could you?

Dad... how could you? I could have OD'd on those drugs

You see, I needed the extra income to pay Kevin's school fees. I wanted you to do well. Pass your exams. Get a good job.

I guess we've all been a bit stupid, haven't we? You for selling drugs, Kevin for buying them... ...and me for failing to spot the tell tale signs that something was going wrong.

I can explain.

But now that's all back fired!

I can still pass my exam. It doesn't start till three. I can still make it.

But haven't you got 'cold turkey'?

I feel a turkey dad, for having taken drugs. But it's never too late to stop.

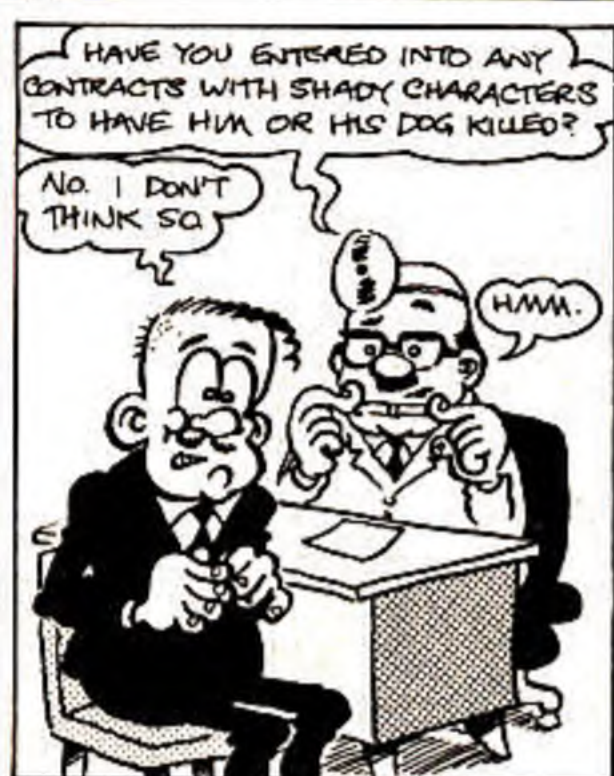
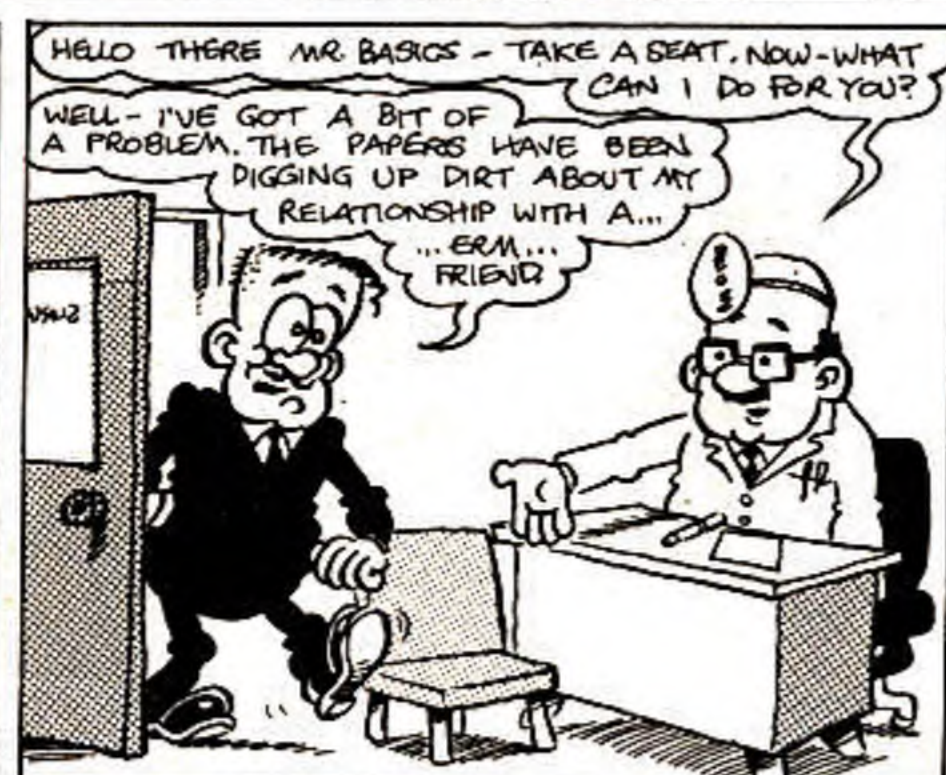
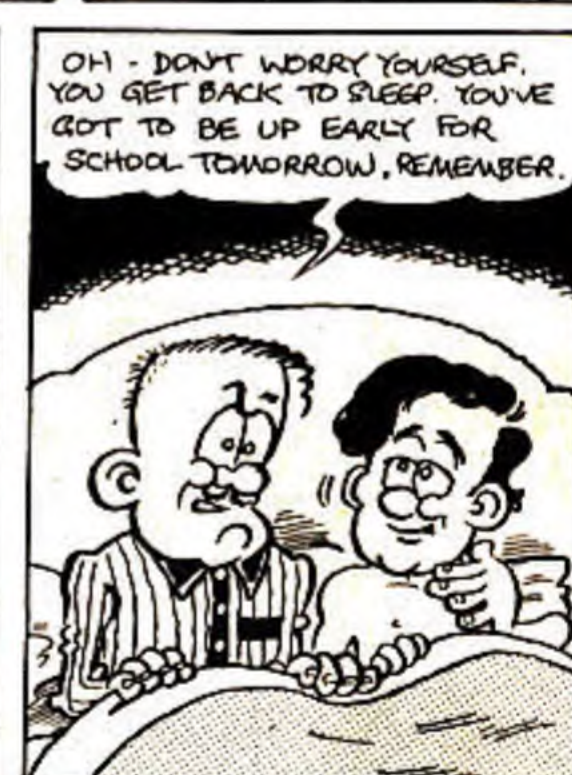
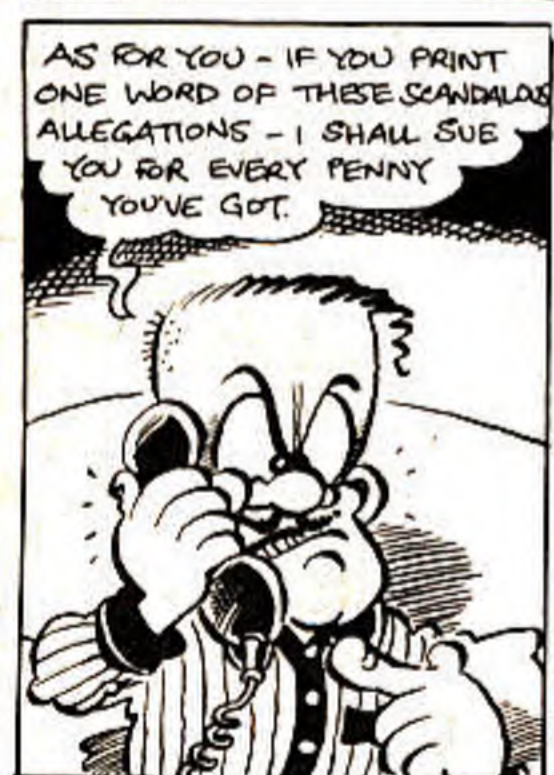
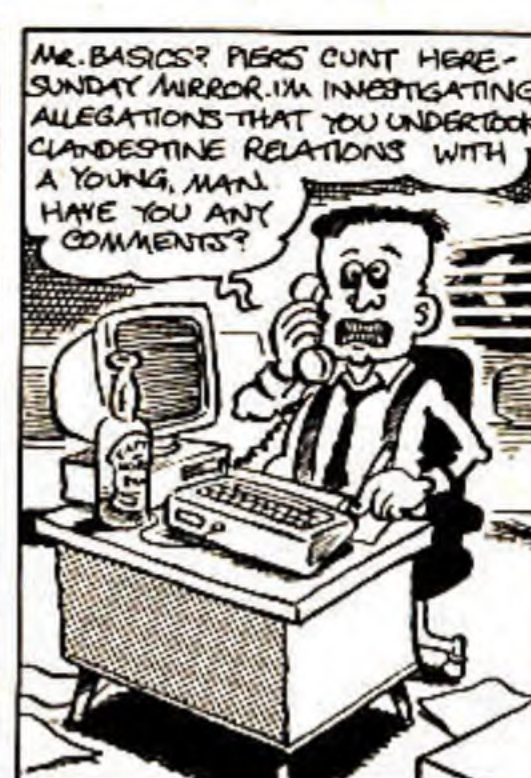
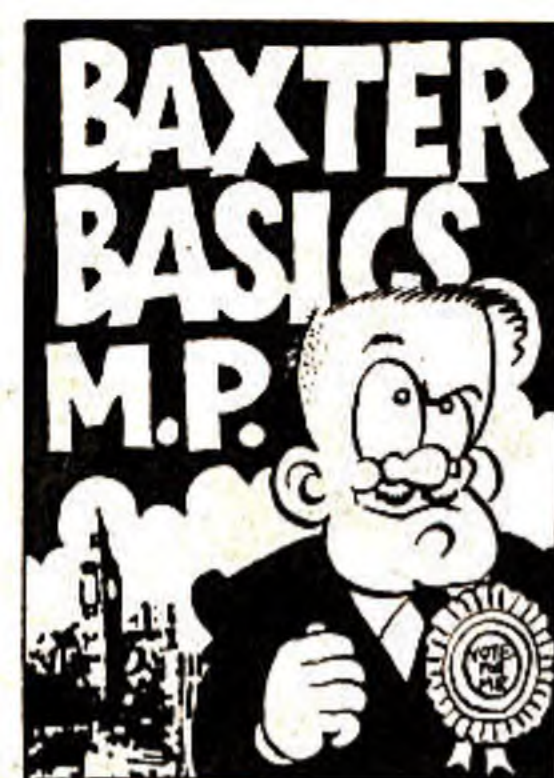
You're right son. Once I've sold these, I'm finishing. There'll be no more drug deals for me.

The Jones were lucky. They were able to win their own battle against drugs. But what about YOUR family? If you think drugs aren't your problem, then think again.

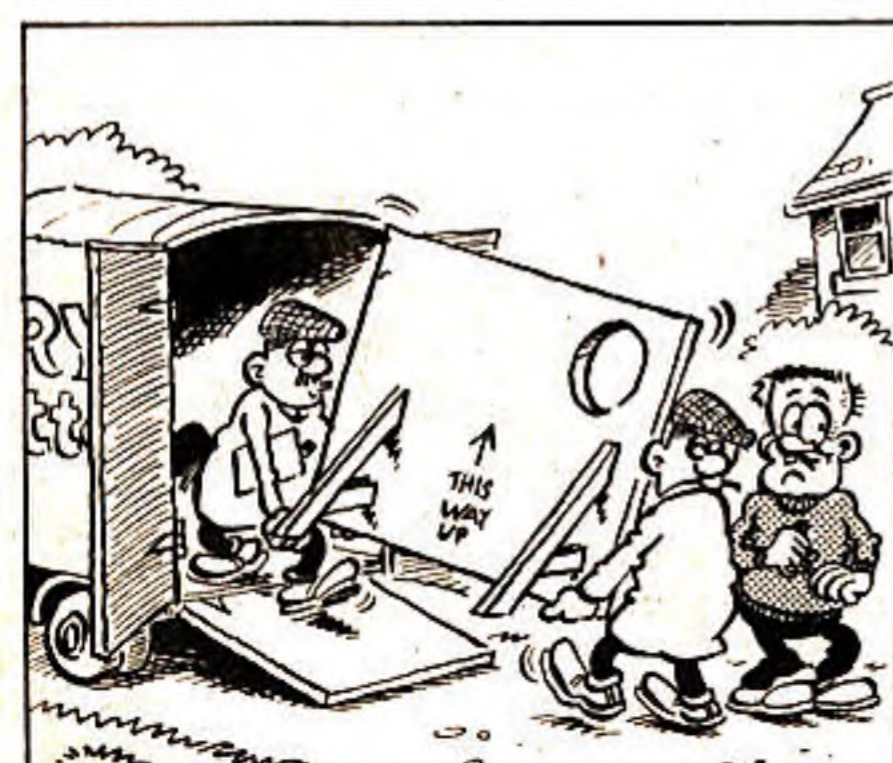
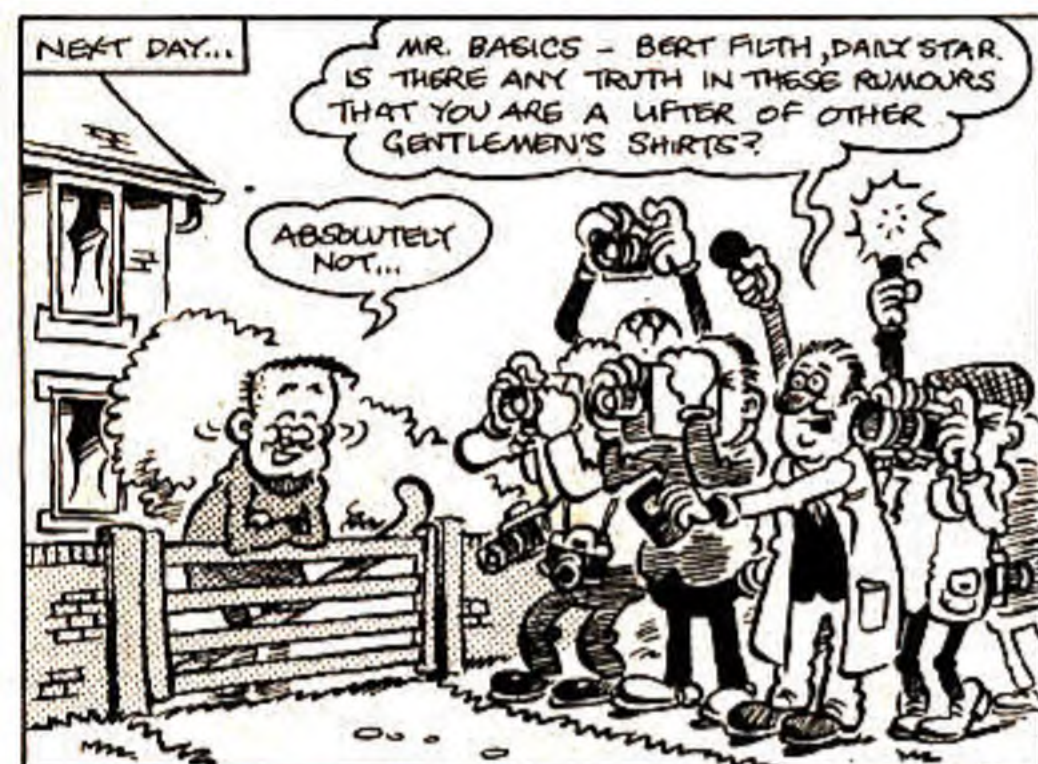
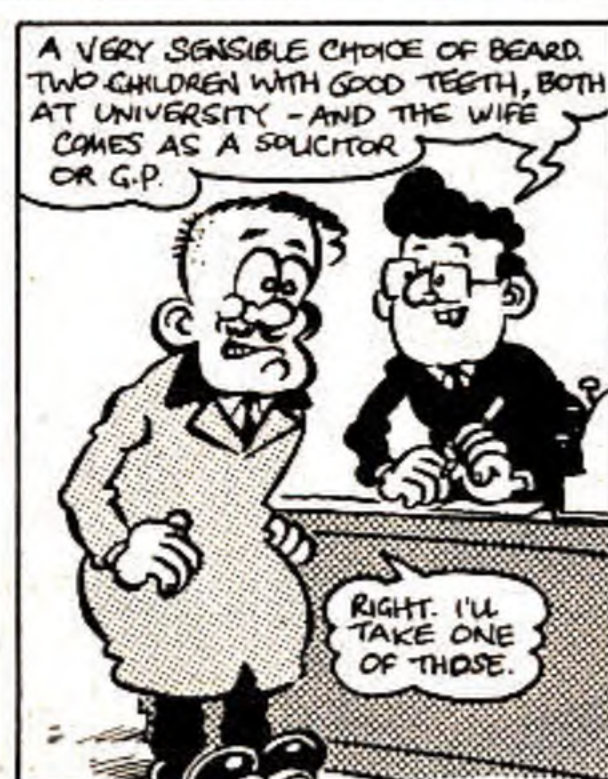
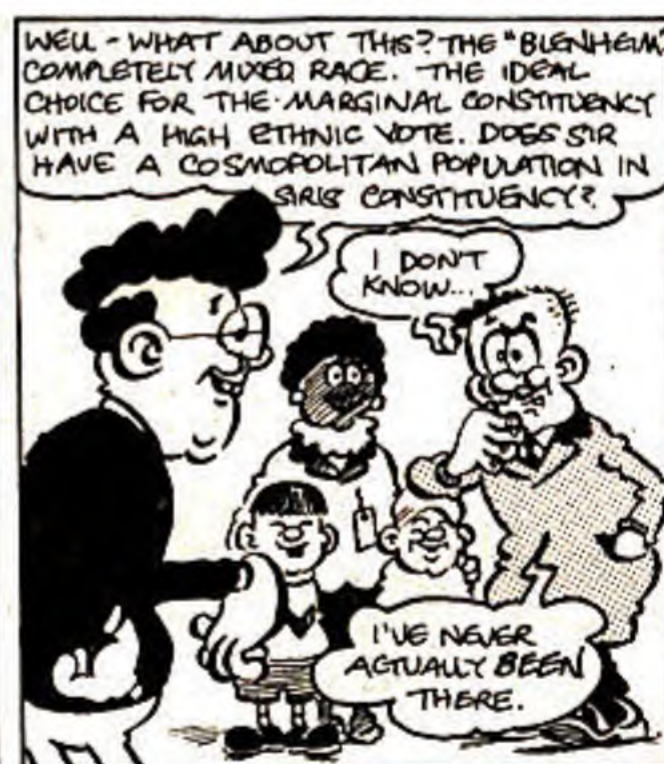
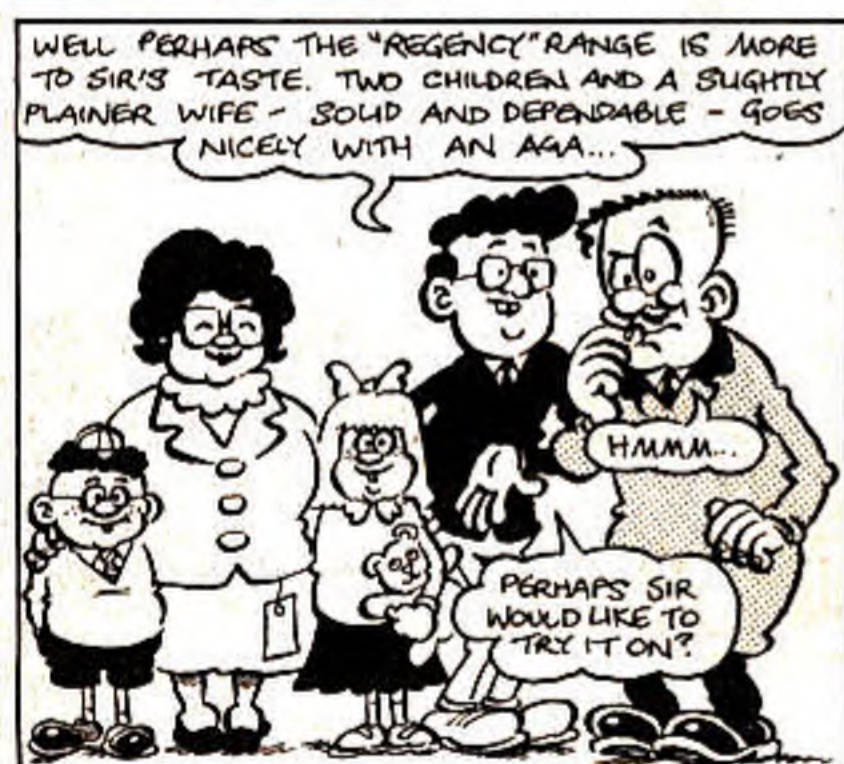
And if there's any kids reading this, DON'T TAKE 'E'. It's not big and it's not clever. Evening all.

The End













# Contents

**The Viz Bobby** on the Beat 3, 14, 26, 27  
**Baxter Basics** 5  
**Letterbocks** 7  
**Crocodile Clips** 18  
**Top Tips** 19  
**Dr Martin Boot** 20  
**Nobby's Piles** 22  
**Farmer Palmer** 24  
**Biffa Bacon** 29  
**We've got a Puritan** 30  
**Spot the Clue** with Anita Roddick 31  
**Jack Black** 32  
**The Parkie** 35  
**Cockney Wanker** 36  
**Arse Farm** 41  
**Competitions** 42  
**Modern Parents** 45  
**Johnny Fartpants** 48  
**Park Camera Action!** 50

© Copyright House of Viz/John Brown Publishing Limited. No part of this publication may be reproduced, in any manner, or by any means, or magic chickens, or automatic singing harps, etc.

Published by John 'The Puff' Brown Publishing Limited, The Boathouse, Crabtree Lane, Fulham, London, SW6 6LU. Tel: 0171 470 2400.

Distributed by Comag, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex, UB7 7QE. Tel: 01895 444 0555.

Written and produced by **House of Viz**  
 PO Box 1PT  
 Newcastle upon Tyne  
 NE99 1PT

Fax: 0191 281 9048  
 E Mail: web@johnbrown.co.uk  
 Seance: dorisstokes  
 @spiritworld.co.heaven

Editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Please send photocopies only as we cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited artwork or original manuscripts.

Editor **Chris Donald**  
 Editorial Cabinet  
**Simon Thorp** **Graham Dury**  
**Simon Donald** **Davey Jones**  
 Contributors  
**John Fardell** **Simon Ecob**  
**Jimmy Nail**  
 Production Editor  
**Shella Thompson**  
 Office Administration and Colouring in  
**Susan Patterson**  
 Chopping up papers and going to shop  
**Stevie Glover**

Editorial Colour Repro by **Tyne Graphics**, Newcastle

Printed by **Wiltshires (Bristol) Limited**, Royal Portbury Dock, Bristol.

Cover and insert printed by **Southernprint**, Poole, Dorset.

Please note the Publisher does not give a toss what happens after he's banked the advertiser's money. So respond to mail order adverts entirely at your own risk.

# Letterbocks

## Branson's pickle

□ In the light of his comical attempt to circumnavigate the globe in a hot air balloon, millionaire, grinning, publicity seeking twat Richard Branson has rightly been acclaimed as one of a new breed of British heroes. Perhaps one day this fearless fellow will follow in the footsteps of other great British heroes such as Sir Donald Campbell and Captain Scott, and break his fucking neck.

Ian McLean  
Essex

□ If Richard Branson wants to get into the Guinness Book of Records, I've got 500 stale pork pies that should have been eaten by last November. If he can scoff the lot in less than three hours, its a world record. I promise.

J. Gubbins  
Family Butcher  
Falkirk

## Hooray! Hooray! They're on holi-holiday!

□ In reply to Steve Brunt (issue 81). I have no idea what became of Carol Dekker out of T'Pau. But I do know the whereabouts of Boney M. They are having a walk in Perth, Western Australia. At least they were when I took this picture recently. I am the one on the right. Boney M are the other three.

Debbie Sage  
Bristol



□ Never mind Boney M. I spotted former Viz stalwart Shakin' Stevens in a second hand shop in Preston yesterday, wearing a pair of red velvet bell bottoms.

Finman  
c/o E mail

□ That tart in the Martini adverts says you have to be good looking to drink 'the beautiful drink'. Fair enough.

So why not have a gorgeous model doing the ads, instead of some withering, wrinkly, flap titted old boot?

Mike Galvin  
Wolverhampton

\* Perhaps somebody from the agency who made the ads could answer that one.

□ "A spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down". Oh yeah? Well, Julie Andrews can tell that to my diabetic six year old son. Mind you, she'll need a fuckin' Ouija board.

Sean Stack  
Edinburgh



**FILTERED TOP TIPS**

**Letterbocks**

HILARIOUS HIGHLIGHTS  
& TIPS FROM BRITAIN'S  
CRAPPIEST LETTERS PAGE

N.M. Don't Mess With  
LAUGHING TOO MUCH CAN MAKE YOU WET YOUR PANTS

\*There's a **Letterbocks** swearing pen - the pen that money simply cannot buy - plus a copy of our **Letterbocks** book - the book that people simply will not buy - for every letter published.

## Decker Double?

□ What do you mean, whatever happened to me? (Letters, Issue 81) I'm still fucking gorgeous, as this photo of me wearing a girly dress and big boots proves.

Carol Decker  
Carol Decker's house



\* Thanks for getting in touch Carol, if it was actually the real you. Unfortunately the faxed photograph that you sent didn't come out very well, and it fails to prove conclusively that you still are gorgeous. So let's have a vote. What do the readers think? Dog or dolly bird? Send a post card marked 'Woof' or 'Whistle' to Carol Decker Vote, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. You can also vote by E Mail to: web@johnbrown.co.uk

□ I have a friend from Germany who is about to visit me. Would it be possible for Chris Evans, Emma Forbes and Anthea frigging Turner to be taken off the TV for a couple of weeks until he goes home? Otherwise he will leave Britain thinking we are a nation of complete and utter fucking wankers.

G. Parry  
Ellesmere Port



Anthea frigging Turner

□ Just think. If Jesus had been born and died in modern times, religious types would have had to wear miniature electric chairs or guillotines around their necks instead of gold crucifixes. And people who experience stigmata would not bleed from their hands and feet; they would violently shake with their hair standing on end and smoking, or their head would fall off.

Neil Candicott  
Worcestershire

## I'll have what he's drinking

□ Regarding the fact that primitive sea creatures have evolved into aircraft designers, I wonder if this 'just happened' thanks to a 'force' of infinite capability which has organised the progress of life on Earth by means of a plan which involves all atoms, energy and thought, and which has predetermined the 'free will' actions of all beings by creating their controlling circumstances?

Bill  
Wilts.

Continues...



☐ I'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate that Scotchie bloke who used to be in Eastenders on his new found career dressing as an admiral, with a poncy hat and telescope, selling car insurance on TV ads. A shrewd career move in the light of all the problems that the wealth and fame associated with soap stardom can bring about. Now there's a fella with his head screwed on.

Rasta  
Up North

## Practise makes perfect

☐ I was impressed with your wordy and philosophical correspondent (man who doesn't get out much, issue 81) who quoted Wittgenstein, and echoed the views of Karl Popper in desiring certainty by way of testing. Perhaps he could take a leaf out of Wittgenstein's book and subject his spelling of the word 'practise' to the ultimate test - by looking it up in the fucking Dictionary.

R. Perry  
Sarfend

☐ I am interested in buying a caravan. However I cannot find the caravan that goes with my car. If anyone has a caravan with the license plate J471 PSD could I please buy it from them.

Paul McBeath  
Southport

## Seeing stars

☐ Last week I stood behind Vic Reeves in a queue at the newsagents at Watford Gap service station. He purchased 20 Silk Cut cigarettes, a Custom Car magazine, and some apples.

Are any other readers able to report on the cigarette/magazine/fruit purchasing preferences of the stars?

Tim Venn  
Abingdon, Oxon.



Reeves - bought Silk Cut, car mag and apples yesterday.

\* Thanks for the tip off, Tim. If you spot a celebrity, write and tell where they were and what they were doing. In a new feature we'll regularly be plotting the movements of the rich and famous. Write to Star Watch, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. There'll be regular updates on star activity in the next issue, and a special certificate for all our Star Watchers.

☐ I read somewhere that the bloke with the smallest cock in the world is the Divisional Officer at HMS Raleigh, Torpoint. Apparently he could stick it up an ant's bum and shake it around, and it wouldn't even touch the sides.

Anon.  
Kent

## Talking shit

☐ A reader in issue 81 asked what the word 'constipation' might have been if it were derived from Greek rather than Latin, and also what the word 'diarrhoea' would have been if it had been derived from Latin instead of Greek.

'Diarrhoea' is easy. Celsus, writing in medical text books in Latin during the 1st Century AD, uses the word 'profluvium' (a flowing forth), thus providing a Latin term for 'diarrhoea'. 'Constipation' is much more difficult. Celsus (Latin) and Galen (writing medical text books in Greek during the 2nd Century AD) both use phrases rather than specific words to describe the condition. Celsus says "alvus astricta" and Galen says "gaster epechomene". Both can literally be translated as "seized up belly". If there had been a specific word available, these great scholars would surely have used it.

Of course "constipatio" is a genuine Latin word, meaning "densely packed mass". But this was more often used in reference to dense crowds of people thronging around some great public hero. Evidently, some mediaeval physician press ganged "constipatio" into service in a medical context in order to refer to densely packed crowds of poo in bums. Had he gone for a Greek word rather than Latin, he would most likely have hijacked the word "sympraxis"; which is the exact equivalent in every sense.

Incidentally, the modern Greek word for constipation is "dyscoeloteeta" (difficulty with the bowels), but this comes from an ancient Greek adjective, not a noun.

G. N. Littlejohn  
Glasgow

## A different kettle of piss

☐ If Mr Jameson or Mrs Houseman (my old head of year teachers) are reading this, I pissed in your staff room kettle.

Wayne Martin  
Alfreton, Derbys.

## Freak thieves

☐ Further to P. Condon's letter (issue 81) in which he accused Viz of ripping off the 'Christ's face appearing in a pool of vomit' idea from a 1992 Freak Brothers comic. Well Paul, if that's the case then the Freak Brothers are the original thieves. Christ's face first appeared in sick in the Northern Ireland comic 'Dogcollars' in December 1983, published by Forthright Publications. See enclosed copy.

Joe Baker  
Glenravel Publications  
Belfast



☐ In reply to that bloke who doesn't get out much (issue 81). If that's what an education does for you, I'm glad I'm thick.

W. Walker  
Carnforth, Lancs.

## Pop goes the pringle

☐ "Once you pop, you can't stop", claims the Pringles advert. Not so. Last week I opened - or "popped" - a pack of Pringles, and had no trouble stopping. I simply replaced the lid and put the pack back in the cupboard for later.

David Goodall  
The Internet

☐ While strolling along the Internet after dinner the other evening my wife and I spotted this rather amusing website. I bet this company is run by a Mexican relation of Johnny Fartpants... or something like that, but only funny. Do I get £5?

Glenn Ashcroft  
Lichfield, Staffs.

GRUPO



INDUSTRIAL  
ARSE

\* No. But if readers want further information about Grupo Arse, whose main activities are the manufacture of electrical harnesses, plastic injection and electronic assembly, you can write to them at: Grupo Industrial Arse, Camino Real a Xochitepec 80, Santa Maria Tepepan, Mexico.

## A trip down mammary lane

☐ Whatever happened to seventies tits? Those plump, rounded, globby ones that stuck out sideways? Confessions films were full of them. Nowadays all you see is bouncing beach balls, or tuppenny baps. Perhaps Mrs Thatcher is to blame for the missing knockers.



"Maggie Thatcher, milk snatcher" may have played a part in changing the tit shape of Britain? Could the withdrawal of free school milk have had an effect of the nation's busts? Perhaps any nutritionists, dietitians or tit doctors among your readership could enlighten us.

R.V. Window  
Dunstable

\*\*\*\*\*

## Come to Middlesbrough and smell our fumes



A Fortnight in Cleveland's Petrochemical Wonderland costs from as little as £4.

For some reason I am interested in a holiday in Middlesbrough. Please send a brochure. Name Address

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*



# Royal yelly

\* In the last issue we asked you to send in your heated, unruly and offensive letters airing your bigoted views on the monarchy. The result is the nation's first fully comprehensive, foul mouthed, bad tempered debate on the future of Britain's royals.

☐ I think the Royals do a marvellous job. Just look at the Queen Mum, God Bless Her. She's 97, and she's still got a smile and a wave for everyone.

Mrs B. Essex

☐ Fuck off! They're leeches, that's what they are. They never do a day's work, and...

☐ Nonsense, absolute nonsense.

P. Regan Portlao

...no, no let me finish... they're always on holiday. Is that what we pay them for? Eh? Eh? To go off on holiday 300 days a year?

David McGraw Glasgow

☐ That's rubbish and you know it is. They work very hard indeed...

☐ Work!? You call waltzing off on Concorde work?

P. Regan Portlao

...they work very hard and they more than pay for themselves in the long run.

Ann Rutherford Gillingham

☐ Bullshit! That is absolute bullshit....

G. Parsnip Bournemouth

☐ Mind your fucking language, there's ladies present.

Mr S. Cabin Bambidexter

☐ They do a marvellous job, and despite all the criticism they get, they can't answer back. They're just a normal family like anybody else...

Ann Rutherford Gillingham

☐ I'm sorry love, but that's shit and you know it is. They're parasites...

☐ Booooooooooooo!

E. Generator Millwall

☐ Shame!

Mrs C. Mixer Dartlingfield

...they're spongers, the whole bloody lot of them.

☐ No.. wait a minute... let the lady finish...

\* One at a time please, one at a time. You'll all get your chance...

☐ No, you let someone else finish for a change, you big mouthed wanker.

P. Drill Folkestone

☐ No... I'm sorry... you don't talk to me like that.... You can't talk to...

☐ Get your fucking hands off me will you... Get your hands off!

P. Drill Folkestone

...you bastard! You bloody bastard!!

Trevor Edwards Worthing

☐ Aaaagh! Get the fuck off me, will you! Aaah! Get off me!!

P. Drill Folkestone



☐ Can I just say that I think Camilla has got a face like a horse's ring-piece

I. Jones Oldham

\* Well, we've counted the votes and the result is that 60% of our readers think Charles should abdicate, and only 8 out of 10 believe Camilla is fit to be Queen, with over half of those preferring Princess Anne, and a massive two thirds of people who voted choosing William as their future King.

\*\*\*\*\*

☐ In reply to the correspondent (issue 81) who asked for historical figures whose names sounded most like the end of man's cock. In Scotland, during the 1530s, King James V had an assistant clerk named John Belleden. I hope this is of some use.

C. Brackenridge Glasgow

# Scots porridge wrotes

☐ Cheeky cunts. What gives you the right to print that reply to my letter? (Issue 81). First, I've not ever have or will be arrested for crimes against any old women. Secondly, I do not regret one fuckin' thing I have done so I'm not going to apologize to you or any other bastard for my crimes. All we asked is for you print our names and numbers for correspondence from females, 18-35, to pass the time away. But you had to be smart arsed and try to make us look bad. There's never any problems for the English cons. It's just that you're anti-Scottish. I don't care if you print this or not. I'm just setting the record straight from our side.

Thomas Boylan HMP Barlinnie

\* Okay, we're sorry. Any girls who'd like to write to a Scotch bloke whose never robbed any old women, write to: Thomas Boylan, No. 29778, Hall C 4/12, HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow G31.

☐ Alex Ferguson should have played Andy Cole up front for Manchester United despite his two broken legs. After all, he can still be used as a 'pin-ball bumper' to deflect powerful shots into the goal from two yards, which, to be fair, was all he did anyway.

Paul Taylor Southampton supporter The Internet

☐ I'm not sure how you calculate that Liverpool, followed by Everton and Bolton are the nearest football league grounds to Warrington (your reply to Man United fan Nick, issue 81). Do you assume people will be travelling by helicopter, or perhaps car and boat? Looking at an RAC atlas it is obvious that by road Old Trafford is much nearer Warrington than either Anfield or Goodison Park, and so Nick has every right to support Manchester United.

M.K. Stoke on Trent

Continues...



"Lady look beneath your chair, and you will see the numbers there"

Cor! What a fan-tastic bott, our new Back Issue girl has got! A quite majestic rear view, and her bum-hole's magic tool

The lady with a magic arse and her foot on a chair will be delighted to send you any of the above back issues of Viz. Both her and her bum will be chuffed to hear from you. Simply circle the issue numbers which you require (beneath the chair), then fill in the form below and send it off, together with your money. Back issues cost £1.50 each plus postage. (Add 50p postage for 1 back issue, £1 for 5 or less, and £1.50 for 6 or more.) Overseas customers then add 10% of the total you've arrived at so far, and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. (We regret the lady with a magic arse and her foot on a chair cannot accept gratuities.)

Send the completed form to: Viz Orders, Customer Interface, Bradley Pavillions, Bradley Stoke North, Bristol BS12 0BQ. Telephone credit orders and enquiries call (01454) 202515. Keep a note of this address/phone number before you send the form off. Despite her arse being magic, the lady with her foot on a chair may take up to 28 days to send your comics.

Allow yourself at least 15 minutes to complete this order form. Do not hurry your answers. Plan them carefully before you attempt to tick any boxes. Use block capitals and keep the form as tidy as possible. A messy order form reflects badly on the mail order customer.

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ have an agreement with a credit company whereby they pay for everything I buy. Here's my card number:

--	--	--	--

Expiry date \_\_\_\_\_ Card Type \_\_\_\_\_

Your name and address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Post Code \_\_\_\_\_



□ If Ryan Giggs grew a "Hitler" type tash he'd look like that bloke on the piano out of seventies group Sparks.

**Jill W. Manchester**

□ How about a competition to find the Man United fan who lives furthest away from Old Trafford? I recently bumped into one in New Zealand. Doesn't get to many home games, but he told me that his dad's great grandad had been born within wanking distance of Old Trafford. He would know.

**Michael Graham (Geordie on tour) Fitzroy Hamilton, N.Z.**

□ On the subject of masturbation and Man United, the old adage 'wanking makes you go blind' could explain United goalkeeper Peter Schmeichel's recent drop in form. "Making himself big" in front of so many opposing strikers, week in, week out, is evidently taking its toll on his eyesight. I'd imagine his cock is redder than his nose by now.

**B. Regan Edinburgh**



□ How about a competition to find the ex Newcastle United manager who lives furthest from Newcastle? Sitting sipping Champagne by some sun drenched swimming pool while you sad bastards are left crying into your beer. Ha ha ha.

**A Man United fan Bournemouth**

□ Why don't you sad cunts stop having a go at each other over a poxy game of football. I mean who gives a fuck anyway. Do better things like fuck a woman you pricks.

**AF5415 Hodgkinson HMP Cardiff**

# Cobblers

□ How come nobody from Northampton ever writes in to Viz? Northampton is great, with shoe factories, and a thriving lift industry. Come on Northamptoners. Write to Viz and let's put our town back on the map.

**Andy Bracken Guilsborough, Northampton**

□ On a topical (after your recent competition) note, I found this rather amusingly titled (but rather horrible tasting) chocolate bar whilst working in the Lebanon recently. Do I win £10?

**Tony Howe Isleworth**



□ Regarding your Star Watch. I saw Rodney Bewes having a curry in the Sanrat Indian restaurant in Putney the other day. He was very polite to the waiters. Incidentally, I once sold an air conditioning unit to Leo Sayer. Do any readers know what became of him?

**Ade The Whyte Harte, Bletchingley, Surrey**

□ In reply to Ade (this issue), I saw Leo Sayer in 1990, wearing shorts and carrying a television, at the Canalot Studios office complex - a former chocolate factory - in Kensal Road, West London.

**B.P. London W1**



*\* Details of any more recent sightings of Leo Sayer should be sent to our Star Watch address or E mailed to us at: web@johnbrown.co.uk*

□ In issue 80 Cliff Smith claims that the Official Lewis Collins Fan Club are conning cunts and that according to his dad, our photo which appeared in issue 79 was taken 17 years ago. Arse. Mr Smith is clearly the cunt of the piece. Our photos, another of which is enclosed (right) for Mr Smith's dad to scrutinise, was taken in June 1996 as the developing stamp on the reverse, and our contemporary nineties hair cuts, clearly prove.

We would not stoop so low as to respond to the other criticisms levelled at Lewis. We remain his loyal, faithful and official fan club.

**Lewis Collins Official Fan Club**  
No address given (Probably a kennel somewhere in Essex)

□ My son has very good contacts in showbusiness, and may be able to get girls, aged 18 to 30, highly paid work as actresses and models. Any young girls interested should send a photo of herself, posing topless, to my son at the following address: OM2 David Woolley, D23438U (3P Mess), HMS Southampton, BFPO 389. Thanks.

**Mr T. Woolley Beeston, Notts.**



□ I'd love to buff up Samatha Janus's bullseye, winnits, clinkers and the whole dangleberry shebang.

**Paul Harvey Salisbury, Wilts.**

## Sting a pong of sixpence

□ Apparently Sting's name derives from the fact that he used to wear a jumper with black and yellow hoops, which resembled a bee. Presumably if it had been a black jumper, with one white vertical stripe front and back, he would have resembled a skunk, and his nickname would have been "Smell". And how many records would he have sold then, eh?

**A. G. Chessington**

□ On the subject of pretentious Geordie pop stars come actors with ludicrous names. Jimmy Nail (real name James Fontella Bingley) claims that he was given his unusual surname (originally "Jimmy the nail") after standing on a nail which got stuck in his foot. It's a good job he didn't stand in a dog turd, isn't it. Few people would have taken his acting and singing seriously had he been called Jimmy Dogshit.

**N. B. Northwest Kettering**



# NOEL'S CUNT PARTY!

**NOEL EDMONDS may be celebrating with a very special house party this weekend. For the beardy, elephant culling recipient of much of our television license fees has been named the winner of our Celebrity Cunt contest.**

You nominated them, then you voted for them. And now we can name Britain's biggest celebrity cunts, in order of cuntiness. It was a nail biting finish, with only three votes separating Noel in first place from 'Ooh Betty' TV funny man Michael Crawford. Jovial cockney jester Jim Davidson came third, just ahead of jovial Manchester United boss Alex Ferguson. Thank you all for your nominations, and your votes, and for helping to make this the biggest celebrity cunt contest of all time. The full catalogue of cunts is as follows.



- NOEL EDMONDS 44
- MICHAEL CRAWFORD 41
- JIM DAVIDSON 25
- ALEX FERGUSON 23
- PAULA YATES 21
- CHRIS EVANS 20
- GIANT HAYSTACKS 18
- THE BLOKE OUT OF THE FUGEES WHO SAYS "ONE TIME" 18

- NIGEL MANSELL 18
- GUY SENIOR 17
- TERRY WOGAN 16
- MIKE REID 15
- ELTON JOHN 14
- RICHARD MADELEY 13
- BRUNO BROOKES 12
- KEITH CHEGWIN 12
- PAUL DANIELS 10
- LIONEL BLAIR 9
- RONNIE CORBETT 8
- BOB GELDOLF 8
- JEFF BANKS 7
- JOHN LESLIE 7
- ROBBIE COLTRANE 6
- ROB NEWMAN 6
- KEN DODD 6
- BRIAN CLOUGH 6
- PAUL WELLER 5
- BASIL BRUSH 5

All the other celebrities who were nominated, none of whom polled more than 5 votes, are hereby found 'Not Cunt' and cleared of all accusations against them.



# Variety is the spice of life

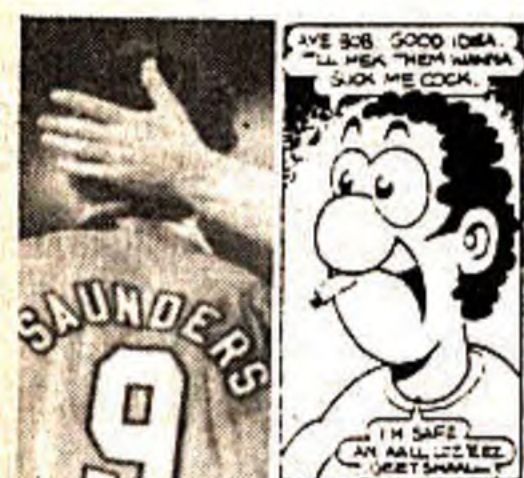
☐ I just had to tell your readers what happened once. One day when I was having a shit the doorbell rang. To my surprise it was the Spice Girls. They all agreed to let me shag their brains out. So I did. One at a time, and then all five at once. They were gagging for it. Even the one who wears a track suit and has smaller tits than Kylie Minogue. I'm not wanting to brag. Just to say that even though the Spice Girls are famous, they still make time for their fans.

G. M.  
Kent

*\* Have you ever been shagged by an all girl combo? Write and tell us. There's a can of McEwans Scotch, a cigarette and a match for every letter printed.*

☐ Does Nottingham Forest striker Dean Saunders look the double of Sid the Sexist, or had I just had far too much to drink the other night?

Rich Hughes  
Ombersley



*\* Too much to drink by the looks of it.*

☐ I'm in jail because I got pissed as a cunt and had a bit too much to say for myself. The judge didn't find it too amusing, and neither did I when I got 21 months. But I'm sorry. So how about letting some of the slappers out there know where the Stud of Brum is?

Max Roche  
H.M. Prison  
Winson Green

P.S. I'm an Aston Villa fan.

*\* Any slappers who want to write to a bloke who got as pissed as a cunt and had a bit too much to say for himself, and supports Aston Villa, write to: Max Roche, HV3652, HM Prison Winson Green, Birmingham B18 4AS.*

☐ Further to C. E. Maddison's reported sighting of Rory McGrath in Cambridge's Grafton Centre (issue 81). I live in Cambridge, and on a recent Sunday evening I spotted the unpredictable comic strolling on Midsummer Common with his kids in tow. He wore a T shirt with a picture of cow on it, with the words "Moo" across his chest, which I failed to find amusing.

Frankly, he looked like he'd been drinking.

David Benison  
Cambridge

P.S. "Big Up" to the Science Park posse.

## Twat in a hat

Let's hope that former East 17 singer Brian Harvey does not feel too diconsolate after heartless, hypocritical colleagues sacked him from the band for extolling the virtues of drug abuse. He should take a lead from the example of another pop star Brian - Jones - who was sacked from the Rolling Stones over thirty years ago. Rather than locking himself inside his mansion and feeling sorry for himself as Mr Harvey has done, Mr Jones went out and drowned in his swimming pool.

F. Zee  
Chipping Sodbury

☐ The people of the Romanian province of Moldovia take great exception to your cartoon in which 'Lord Raffles the Gentleman Thug' attacks the Moldovian Ambassador (issue 80). We have been invaded by Magyars, Romans, Turks, Russians, and we fought back the Germans in Moldavia at the battle of Marasestic. Perhaps Lord Raffles would care to visit our humble province? May I take this opportunity to invite his Lorship to honour us with his noble presence, that we may have the opportunity to bestow upon him a fucking good thrashing.

Larevedere Pentru & Ion  
Ilnescu  
Presidente Populari  
Romanial  
Foscani, Romania

## It's a snip

☐ I need a haircut and some fags, but I'm skint. I don't believe in begging, and I don't expect others to help me unless I can help myself. So if someone gives me enough money to buy some fags and a pair of scissors, I'll cut my own hair. How does that sound?

H.B.  
Welling, Kent

☐ The reader who claimed to live opposite Jason Orange (issue 80) was talking bollocks. I go past Mr Orange's flat every day, and the building directly facing his is a museum. Mr Loughran is either an exhibit in the Science & Technology museum, or a lying bastard. Or he lives in an adjacent building, sort of in front of, but at an angle to, Mr Orange's.

D. Dog  
Eccles, Manchester

☐ Fancy a good night out? Then don't go to Berwick upon Tweed. I was out there on New Year's Eve. I nearly called the RSPCA, there was that many pigs and hounds staggering around half buried in inch thick make-up.

Robert Pants  
Goswick



Berwick yesterday.

## Fucking bastards

☐ I'm fucking sick of ignorant, pushy, table sharing bastards who simply sit down at my table without being asked. Jesus Christ! If I wanted to share a table with fucking strangers I would go and live in Strangeways prison.

G. McKendrick  
Glasgow

## Viz Subscriptions

I'm Sally's big sister, I'm dirty, and I've been with sailors. I've locked Sally in her bedroom so I can do the subscriptions. Mmmmm! As you can see, I've already got my *hands full*, so could you lend a hand by *licking my flaps*, until they're all shiny and wet? *Envelope flaps that is*. Then I'll take your *organ* firmly in my hand, and slide it slowly into my box. *Post box that is*. Six issues (a year's supply) costs £9.00 (or £12.50 overseas). 2 years (12 issues) costs £18.00 (or £24.80 overseas). Order a subscription using the form below. Hurry, and you'll get a FREE Viz T shirt - size large - just like my tits.



## FREE T shirt

We're giving away a FREE VIZ T SHIRT to every new subscriber. Sizes L or XL and chosen at random from our warehouse. To get your free T shirt just order a subscription using the form below. You can use this form to order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections. And if you'd like to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address) each extra copy costs £6.00 per year (or £7.00 overseas).

Dear Sally's big sister, who is dirty,  
Please send me a subscription starting issue ..... to be sent to:

Name.....

Address.....

Post Code .....

If you are ordering a subscription for **someone else** fill in their name and address above, and your own details below. If its just for you, fill in the bit above, then skip the next bit and go straight on to the bit about money.

My name .....

Address.....

Post Code .....

The bit about money. Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/PO for £ ..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Please debit my Access/Visa/Mastercard/Eurocard American Express/Diners Club/Connect card

Card No. ....

Expiry date ..... / ..... / .....

Send this form together with any cheque or postal order to:  
**Sally's Big Sister, Viz Subs, FREEPOST (SW6096), Bristol, BS12 0BR.**

No stamp required if posted in the UK.

You can ring our subs hotline - and boy, do we mean hot - on (01454) 202515.

(We regret that the girl in the picture will not be available to take your calls and the only subject which can be discussed is telephone credit card or postal subscriptions to Viz.)

☐ Tick here if you'd like us to hawk your name and address around various dodgy mail order companies so that they can bombard you with shit, and we get 50p for every million names we give them.

☐ Tick here if you want Sally's sister to rub your comics on her tits.

Australians who can read can order Viz from the following address. There's a FREE BACK ISSUE if you subscribe for 1 year, or 2 free back issues if you subscribe for 2 years. Six issues cost \$27 (or 12 for \$54). Write to Viz, 9 Palm Avenue, Bribie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Remember to mark your envelopes "We can't take our beer and we love the Queen".





# Deayton walnut cake

□ 'Have I Got News For You' should be renamed 'Am I A Short Arsed Cunt' after Angus Deayton's comical appearance on a Sky TV football awards show recently. He waddled onto the stage like a stunted pigmy, and was a good two feet shorter than the host Anna Walker. Sitting smugly behind his quiz master's desk, narrow headed Mr Deayton kids his fans that he is of above average height. Now that his true height - about 4 feet 8 inches - has been revealed, I for one shall no longer be watching the show.

D. M. F. Murder  
Berking



□ I spotted Lovejoy actor Ian McShane having his breakfast in a posh hotel the other day. Either he's shrunk, or the BBC have been conning us for years. The man is covered in wrinkles, and is barely four feet tall! As licence payers my wife and I were incensed. What gives the BBC the right to con viewers into thinking that trumped up pensionable age circus dwarfs like Mr McShane are attractive middle aged men of average height?

T. Birds  
Notting Hill

# IT'S BRITAIN'S BIGGEST TITCH HUNT

## Are we being short changed by short arsed celebrities?

On the strength of the two letters of the left, we believe so. So we're launching a TV titch hunt to expose the secrets of Britain's stunted stars. Let us first say that we have no quarrel with the likes of Wayne Sleep, Don Estelle and Ronnie Corbett - stars who have come clean about their genetically unavoidable lack of inches. No. Our beef is with the TV tricksters who use the blinding spell of television to con their simple public into believing they are taller than they actually are. **They have betrayed you. Now we want you to betray them.**

## SHOP A SHORTY

We want you to shop a shorty star and put him in our pocket. To become one of our 'Titch Finder Generals', simply cut out and assemble the Celebrity Yardstick below, then hang around outside celebrity haunts such as Stringfellows. When a stunted star emerges snap a picture, dangling the yardstick alongside them to prove how short they really are. Send your snaps to 'Shop a Shorty Star', Viz, P.O.Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. We're offering a £25 cash bounty on the head of every celebrity you expose.

# The price is right

□ I have in front of me a copy of 'Stepping Out' magazine, published in Newcastle in 1983, featuring an interview with the men behind Viz comic. And I quote.

"The reason it costs 30p is cos we can only sell 2,500. If we could sell 10,000 it would be about 15p. It gets much cheaper to produce the more you print."

Well then. According to that principle, now that you print over half a million each copy should cost less than a penny. So how come this issue costs £1.50?

Graeme Wood  
Bishop Auckland

\* Unfortunately in recent years the price of wood pulp has increased considerably due to the wage demands of greedy lumberjacks. Ink has also quadrupled in price due to a world Octopus shortage. We do endeavour to keep the cost of Viz as low as possible, but occasional increases must be passed on to the readers.

□ Your correspondent Greg Bell (travelling east on the M25 approaching the South Mimms roundabout, issue 81) should take the third exit. The first is for Hatfield and the North, the second is a BP garage and map emporium, and the next one is the one he wants for Cockfosters. I am a traffic policeman, and only too happy to be of assistance on these occasions.

Phil the Bill  
Hayes

P.S. Has he had anything to drink today sir?

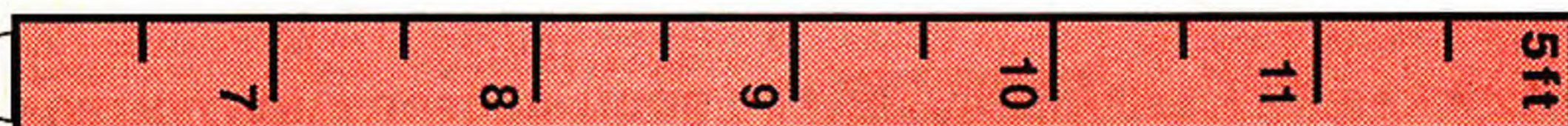
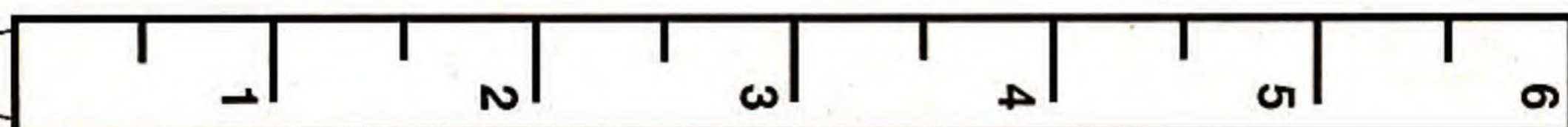
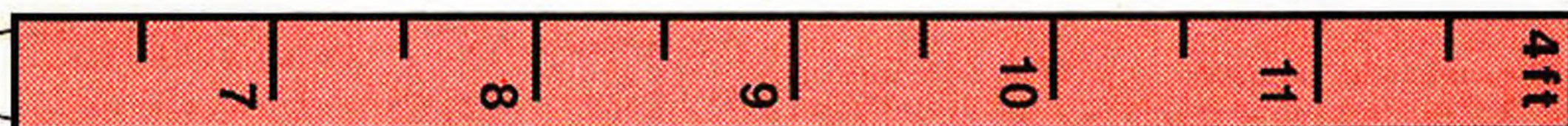
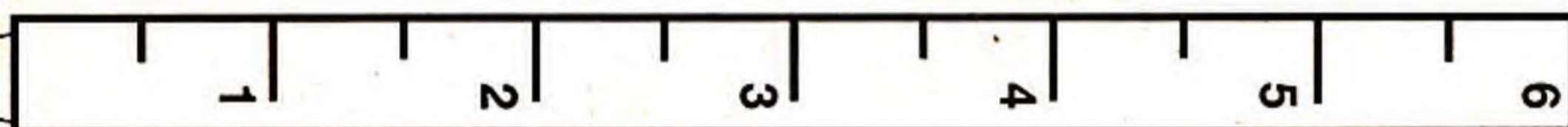
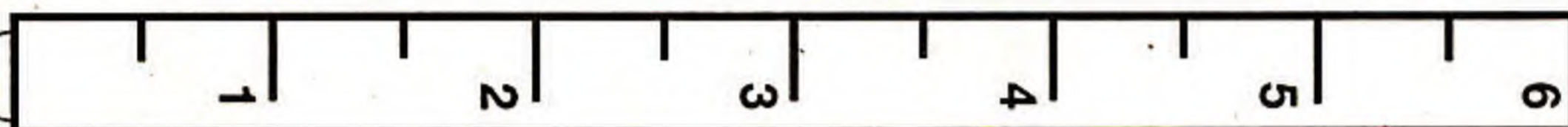
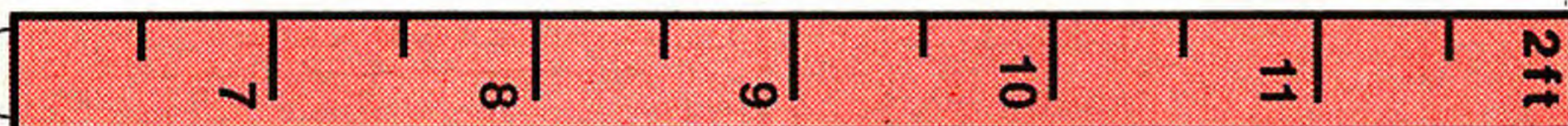
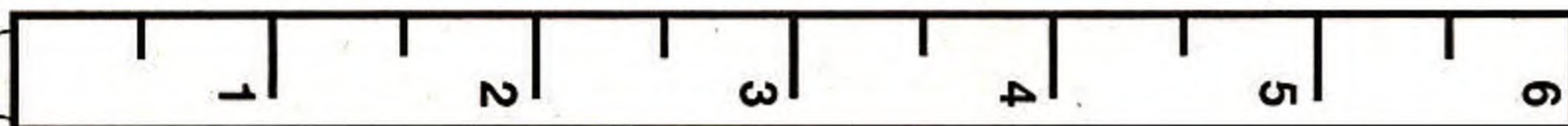
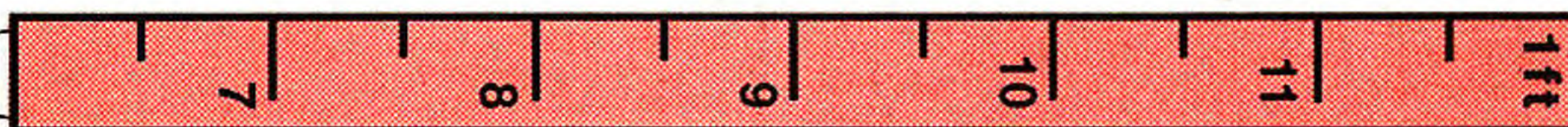
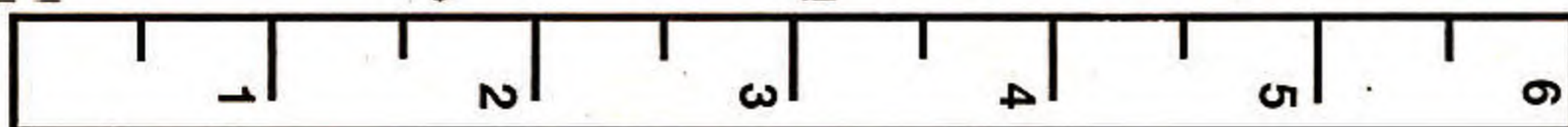
□ On returning home from work one day I was delighted to notice that my wife's bright ginger hair had turned blonde.

"Thank goodness you've had your hair dyed", I said. "I always hated that ginger mop".

Imagine my embarrassment when she pulled a yellow headscarf from her head to reveal her mass of ginger frizz still intact. Needless to say I spent the rest of the evening in the dog house.

N. Varley  
Drightlington, West Yorks.

# FREE SELF ASSEMBLY CELEBRITY YARD STICK



★★★★★★★★★★★★





# Soap tits are a load of wank

## IS it just me, or are the knockers on British soaps getting smaller?

It used to be the plots that were flat. Now its the tits. You see more shapely jugs watching the Antiques Roadshow.

Never mind the four days a week soap. Every day is pancake Tuesday on Coronation Street. It's got more spaniel's ears than Crufts. Who wants to watch fried eggs when they're serving bouncing beach balls over on Baywatch.

Okay, Pamela Anderson's assets may be plastic. But try telling that to my trouser snake at 5.30 on a Saturday evening!

# Garry's Poof

**GRANT** in *Eastenders* was in the launderette telling Dot what to do with his washing when he goofed: "Stick it in my car", he said. (He didn't pronounce the 'C' very clearly, and so it sounded a bit like "*Stick it in my arse*".)

Perhaps the launderette should offer Grant a special shirt lifting service from now on!

**Terry Thick of Grantham wins £25 and a copy of Fiesta for that. Well done Terry.**

Send **YOUR** howlers, preferably based on anal innuendo, to Garry's Poofs, The Sun, 1 Holborn Street, London E1.

**MELONS** like these are off the menu thanks to sick-in-the-head 'politically correct' TV bosses who'd rather we watched a pair of poofers pecking than a pair of Bristols bouncing up and down and up and down and up and down across our screens. Lovely, firm, pink tits. There's nothing like them.

The trouble with these PC ponces is they've spent too much time at college smoking drugs and talking twaddle. They're soft in the head - *and in the trouser department.*

Well I'm not. *I'm a tit man and I'm proud of it.*

**I don't  
fancy  
yours  
much**

**DID** you see the gorgeous **SHARON STONE** talking to **RUBY WAX** the other night? Talk about beauty and the beast! I didn't know whether to turn off or tug myself off!

Fancy a toss up between those two? I would. *Sharon's Stone's tits that is!* But seriously, it was nice to see a Hollywood star without the make-up, and looking none the worse for it. Sadly no flash of her quim this time though.

Even at 38, sexy Shazza can still hold her own. She has to, cos no-one else will hold them for her! Mind, is it any wonder she's still single when she's hanging around with sea monsters like Miss Wax? She's got more chance of getting chatted up by Stephen Hawking during a power cut than she has of scoring with that tug boat in tow. I don't know which is bigger - Miss Wax's arse or her mouth. Not that it matters. You wouldn't catch my cock within a mile of either entrancel I'd rather shag the Channel Tunnel while its on fire. Or stick my knob in a Scottish 'E coli' infected bacon slicer.

**As for Miss Stone - now that's a different! Show me a video of Basic Instinct, and I'll show you a wallpaper paste factory in my trousers!**

**PLACE THE *MINGE* FACE  
AND *QU*-WIN A £££MILLION!!**

How's **twat** for a pair of smackers?! This mystery star is a sight for **phoar** eyes! Cos we've replaced hers with tits. She's also frothing at the mouth, since we swapped her **mush** for a **bush**! Fanny **batter** wouldn't melt in her mouth - quite **cliterally**! And that's one **gash** on her face that her husband Jim didn't give her! Don't **labla** over it too long. If you haven't got it yet, here's one final clue. **Lizzie's** dripping at the mouth. With her new sexy features, she's a real **Coronation** treat for the fellas. But who is she?

**When you've worked it out, go into your local all night garage at 1.00am next Saturday morning. Show her to the man in the booth excitedly, and tell him who it is. You'll have to shout loud so he can hear you. And he'll give you a million pounds!**



★★  
**MATCH the GASH and SNATCH the CASH!!**  
*It's Britain's favourite big money maxilofacial/genitalia puzzle!!*



# A BRIDGE TOO FAR FOR JACKO

Only in  
AMERICA 

**MICHAEL Jackson's** has shelved plans to buy a bridge in Scotland after lawyers blocked the star's plans to sit under it and ask people "Who goes there?"

Wacko Jacko has always wanted to be a troll, and last month the millionaire star issued estate agents with a 'find me a bridge I can live under' ultimatum. Within days they had located the ideal bridge over a disused railway line in Scotland, England. Pictures of the stone bridge were sent back to California where Jacko 'fell in love' with it at first sight.

## GOATS

But mean Scots lawyers appear to have torpedoed the deal by refusing Jackson the right to stop Billy Goats as they crossed the bridge, in order to ask them "Who goes there?" Rennie McSpoons of leading Edinburgh law firm McSpoons, Crawford & Oatcake explained that a covenant on the bridge dating back over a hundred years allows farmers 'unhindered access' to an adjoining field.

## Troll dream ends after goat dispute



"Even though the bridge has been out of use for many years a legal right of way remains, and any purchaser would have to comply with that should the owner of the adjoining field wish to cross the bridge at any time in the future".

## TOGAS

A spokesman for Jackson's legal team denied that the singer had any intention of stopping people from using the bridge.

"Trolls do not stop people

from crossing a bridge. They merely enquire 'Who goes there?' It's a traditional thing, and as the owner of the bridge Michael should be able to do that."

## SOGAT

Mr McSpoons said the owner's legal requirements were quite clear, and that behaving like a troll would constitute a breach of contract.

"If a new owner were to sit beneath the bridge and ask people 'Who goes there?' that enquiry would in itself constitute a form of hindrance, regardless of

whether or not Mr Jackson subsequently allowed them to cross."

## NALGO

Yesterday the situation appeared to have reached a stalemate and Jackson was said to be switching his attention to mainland Europe where he is rumoured to have been looking at windmills in old Amsterdam.

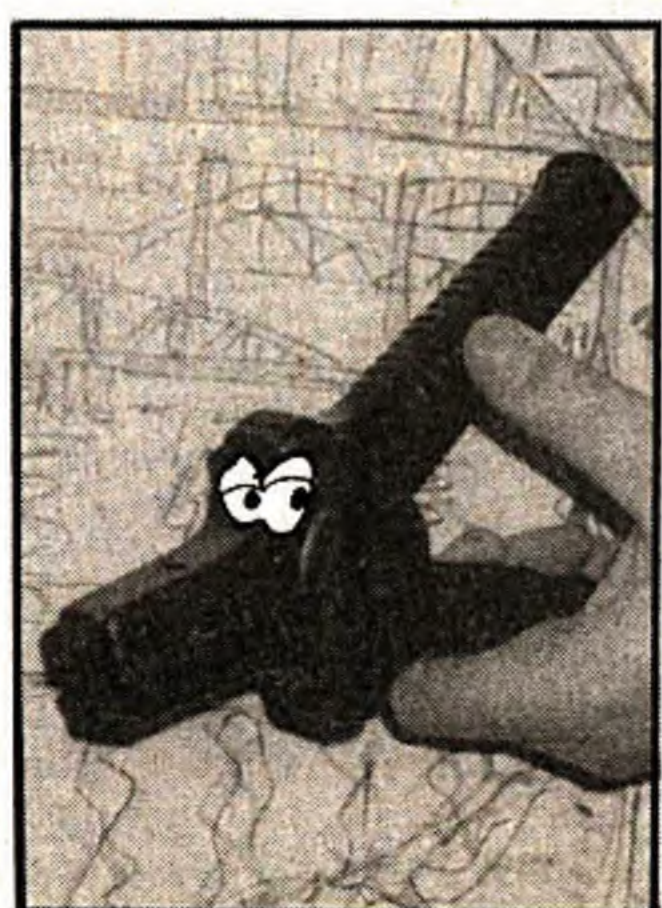
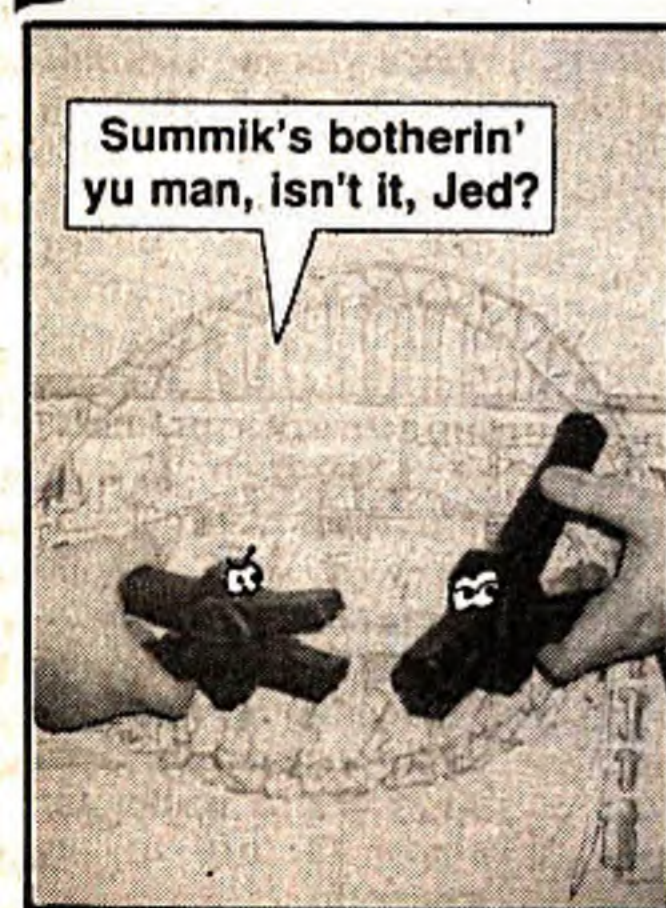
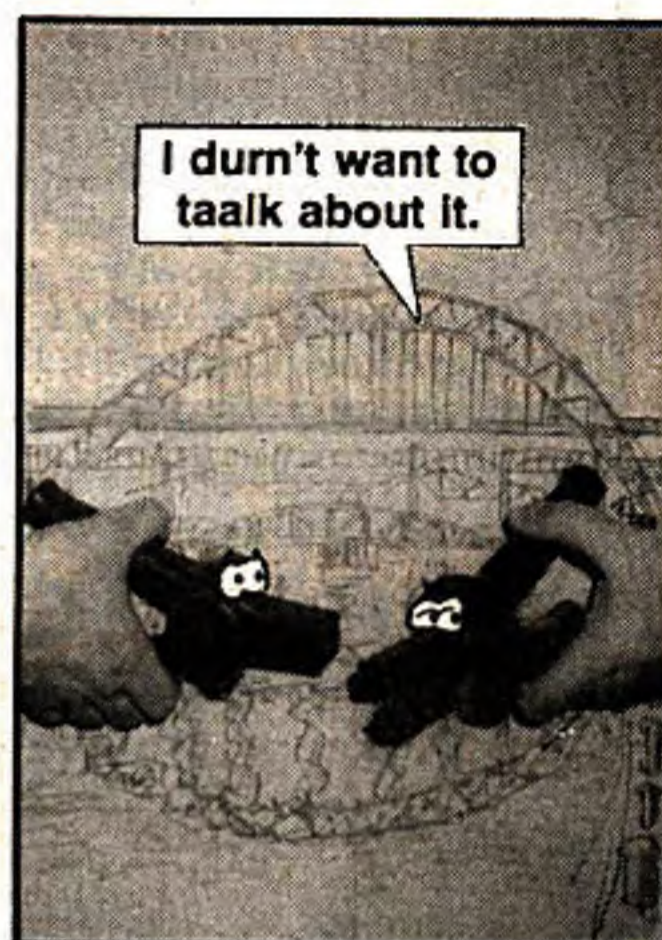
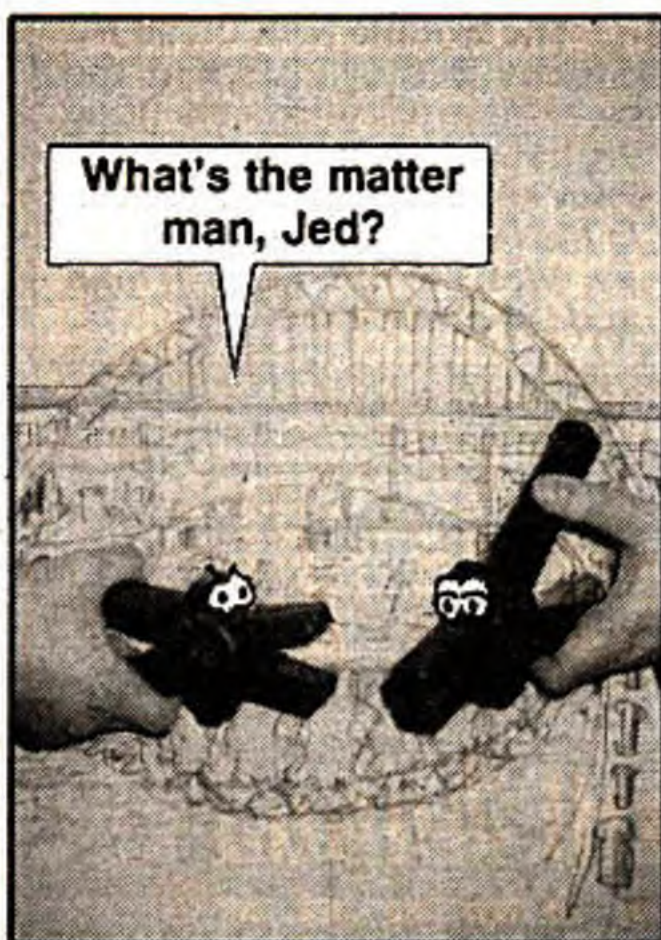
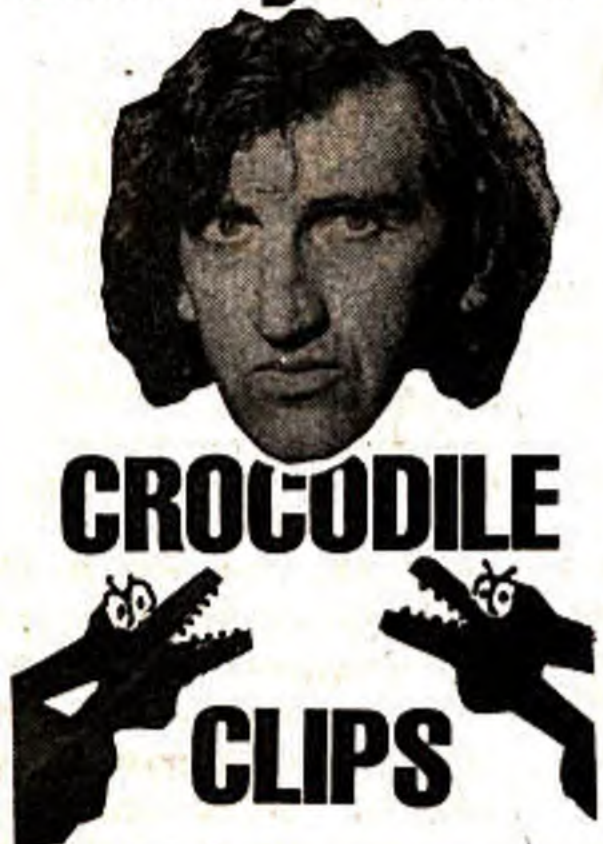
Jackson wants to start a family, and is keen to bring his children up in a windmill environment, dressed as mice, with clogs on, going 'clip clip-pety clon' on the stairs.

★A Californian woman has sued her four month old baby for shitting its nappy. A court found in favour of mother of three Irene Saskatchwanani, and awarded record damages of \$2.8 million for olfactory distress.

★A New York man who put his sock on upside down after drinking beer the previous night has sued the brewery for the mental anguish caused by the odd feeling of having his sock on upside down. Joe Pescanachicconi claimed that he felt 'quite peculiar' for several seconds until he was able to remove the sock.

★Firemen were called to a New York apartment block after a woman weighing 2,800 tons suffered an explosion of the colon. Maria Pecosantosatini, 45, had not left the building in 30 years, and had expanded to such a size that her body entirely occupied three floors of the block.

## Jimmy Nail's



Written and directed by  
JIMMY NAIL

From an original idea by  
JIMMY NAIL

Script Editor  
JIMMY NAIL

Additional Material by  
JIMMY NAIL

Crocodile Clips  
Operated by  
JIMMY NAIL

Set Design  
and Lighting by  
JIMMY NAIL

A Jimmy Nail Production  
Copyright Jimmy Nail 1997



**GIRLS.** Stab a centipede up the arse with a cock-tail stick. He presto! An inexpensive mascara brush.

Kim Spickett  
New Malden

**FROZEN** chips forced into the air vents of your car provide instant and inexpensive air conditioning during the summer months.

J.T.  
Northumberland

**HALF** fill the tyres of your car with milk and a little salt before setting off on picnics. When you arrive, hey presto! Lashings of freshly churned butter for your scones.

J. T.  
Rothbury

**HOUSEWIVES.** Why waste time and energy mashing potatoes? Simply place a large spud under each of hubby's car tyres last thing at night. When he drives off to work in the morning, hey presto. Instant mash.

Y. Shepherd  
Liverpool

**PISSED** your trousers again? Pop them in the microwave for thirty seconds. Hey presto. They're lovely and warm.

Daryl Maitland  
Cambridge

**UNDER** age kids. Can't get served in the pub? Simply eat 20 apples and half a bag of sugar then sit back and eat nothing for two weeks. Hey presto! The contents of your stomach will have fermented into a belly full of cider, and you'll be instantly hammered.

Dave Harrison  
Hounslow

**PLANT** a cotton bud upright in the sand at the bottom of your fish tank to enable your goldfish to wipe its arse.

H. Noon  
Okay Coral



**A RECORDING** of Alan Ball's voice, played at high speed, makes an ideal dog whistle.

Robert Hand  
New Malden, Surrey

**SELLOTAPE** a whelk onto a slug's back to cause confusion amongst harmful snails.

Francis 'Tony' Mahoney  
Burnage

# TOP TIPS

There's a Top Tips pen, a Milky Way, pair of socks plus a year's subscription to Viz for every tip we print. Write to Top Tips, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Or E mail to: web@johnbrown.co.uk

**PREVENT** 'splash back' next time you pass a loose stool by first pouring used engine oil into the lavatory. This is far more efficient - and less expensive - than the traditional method of filling the bowl with toilet paper.

Terry Odgers  
Blairgowrie

**AFTER** losing a game of pool in the pub stumble away from the table as if you are drunk, making the winner think he won not because of his superior skill, but because of your bad drinking habits.

Peter Kovacs  
Brentford

**DOMESTOS** is an ideal substitute for Blue Curaco, and far less pricey. It gives any cocktail a bit of 'oomph'.

James Francis  
East Glamorgan  
Hospital

**AIR** travellers. Don't be ripped off by airlines. Take full advantage of your baggage allowance by weighing your packed cases, and making them up to a total of 44 kilos using bricks or sand bags as ballast.

Bob Carter  
London

**IF** a loved one takes seriously ill, slip flower seeds into their food. After they have passed away, ask the undertaker to pop a selection of bulbs into their pockets before burial. In due course your loved one will begin to sprout their own floral display, saving you the expense of having to renew the wilting flowers on their grave.

Simon Ford  
Portsmouth

**WHILST** in bed protect yourself from vampires and werewolves by hiding under the covers.

Charles Holley  
Newcastle

**MOORES** Furniture Group of Wetherby. Don't employ anyone with more than four brain cells. They might rock the boat.

L.K.  
Yorkshire

**FREE** stickers given away by independent radio stations are ideal for removing dog hair from carpets.

Paul McArdle  
Welling, Kent

**WHEN** supermarket shopping remove the sticky label from a banana which shows its place of origin and attach it to your lapel. Then, as you leave the store and are confronted by old people shaking collection tins, simply point at the sticker, smile and say "Already got one thanks".

Kevin Gainford  
Ashford, Middlesex

**FOOL** family and friends into thinking you are moonlighting as a black and white minstrel by smearing black shoe polish behind your ears.

Mammy Spencer  
Bath

**MAN. UNITED** fans. Support Germany in the next World Cup. They're dirty, whining bastards, and they usually win.

Mike Whatmore  
Caythorpe, Notts.

**A BOOMERANG** makes an ideal shoe tree for a pair of socks. And it's cheaper too.

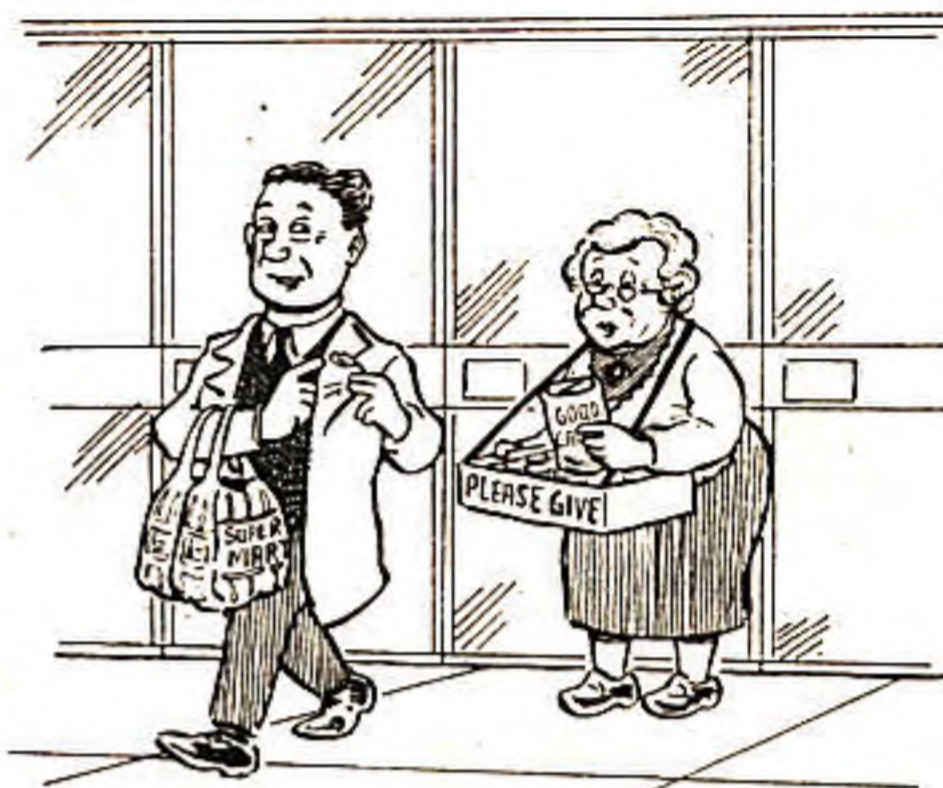
C. Heston  
Big Country

**ROUND** the world sailors. Eat polystyrene ceiling tiles instead of toast for breakfast. This 'internal life jacket' will provide added buoyancy when your boat sinks.

B. Ives  
Big Country

**PRACTISE** for pancake day by tossing a wet dish cloth in a cold frying pan.

N.E. Thing  
Withchips



**PREVENT** ice forming on your garden pond overnight by floating a hamster in an exercise ball on it last thing at night. The vigorous exercise required by the hamster to maintain its body temperature and prevent it freezing to death will agitate the water sufficiently to ensure that the surface of the pond remains ice free come the morning.

John Tait  
Thropton

**STUDENTS.** Make 'dum dum tomatoes' by cutting a small cross in the top before hurling them at Tory ministers.

P. Soup  
Fourstarters

**TREAT** woodworm in furniture without the use of dangerous toxic chemicals. Simply saw it into pieces small enough to fit into a microwave, then microwave each piece for 30 seconds at full power (based on a 750 watt oven). This will kill all the woodworm. Then stick it back together with glue.

Noel Armstrong  
Lancaster

**BUSINESS** executives. Combine trips to the loo for a pee with a couple of farts and a wank. This "multi-tasking" will result in a more cost effective and efficient use of your valuable time.

G. Bell  
Wood Green, London

**EXPLICIT KITCHEN TALK!**

**LIVE!**

"I've pre-heated the oven to 200 (Gas mark 6)" 0000 994 403

**CHEF X CHANGE**

"That soufflé should be done by now" 0000 994 404

"I've wanked in the soup" 0000 994 405

\*Not live. All callers must be chefs aged 18 or over. Calls terminate on the Moon.

**PREMIER Knit-Line!**

No waffle! - You're straight into the **HARD** knitting talk!

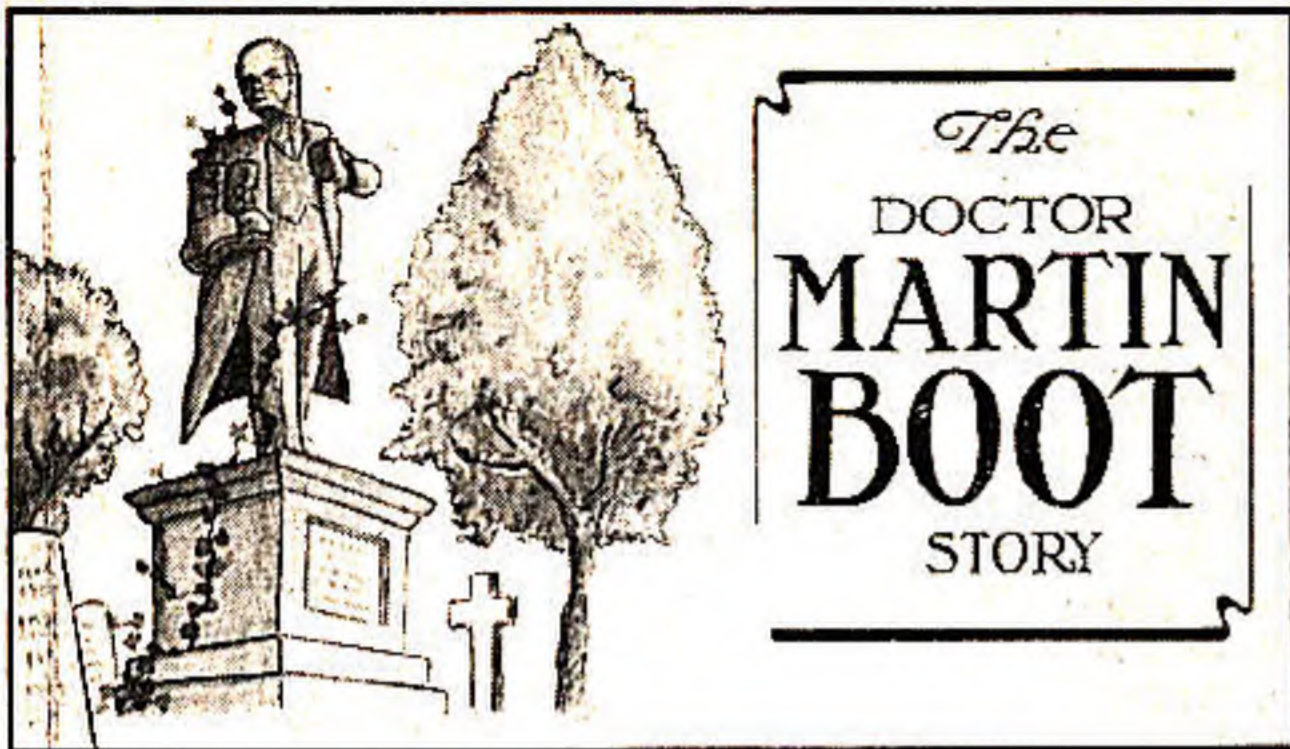
Oh, dear me! I've dr**opped** a st**itch**! 0000 994 403

I'm knitting a wooly h**at** 0000 994 404

Don't worry. He'll grow into it 0000 994 405

Over 80's only. A Service of Woolltalk International, PO Box 88, The Sahara Desert. Your home is at risk if you do not keep up payments on a premium rate phone-call.





IN a forgotten corner of a Millwall cemetery stands the statue of a young physician holding a pair of aggro boots. Who is he, what is the significance of the boots, and why is he remembered in this forgotten corner. To answer these questions, we must travel back in time to 1889, to the cold and foggy streets of Victorian London.



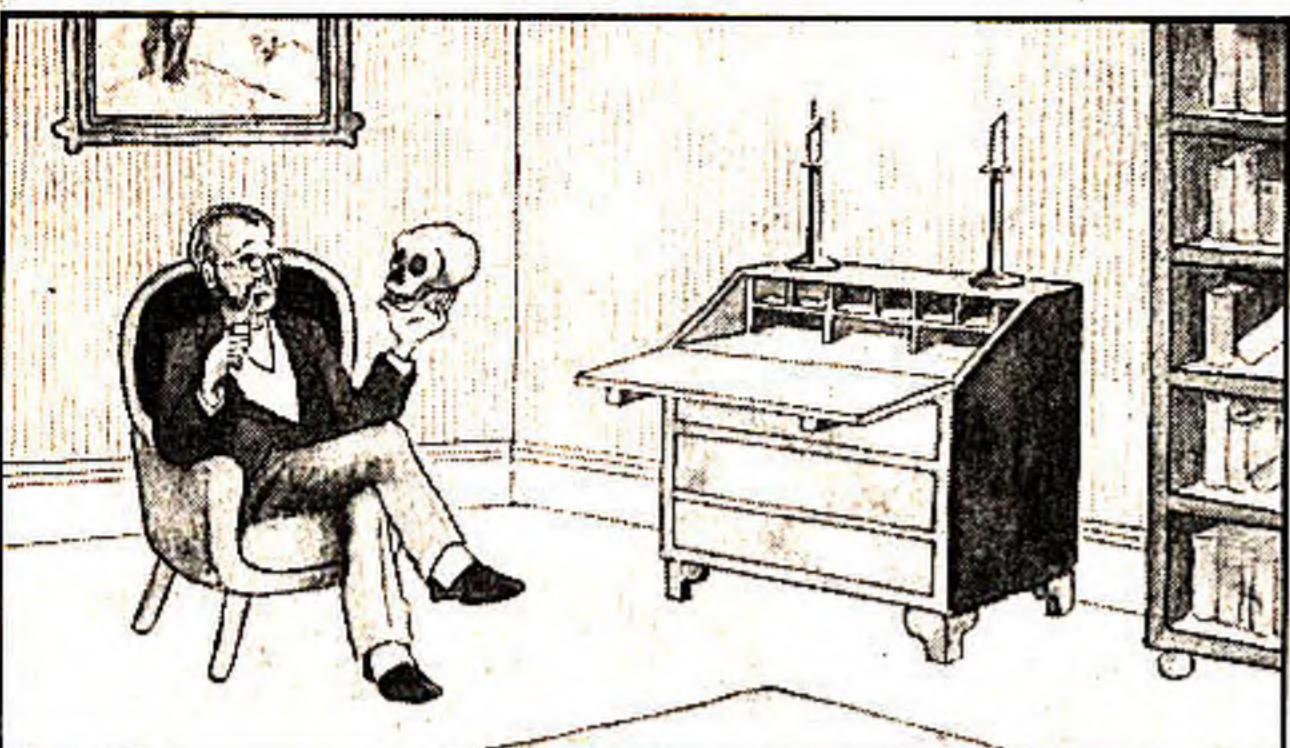
DOCTOR Martin Boot, a newly qualified chiropodist was late for an important appointment with the Duke of Clarence. "Oh, confound it! The Duke will be furious if I don't deliver his new brothel creepers before nightfall!" he cried, and in desperation to make haste, took a short cut through a foggy back alley.



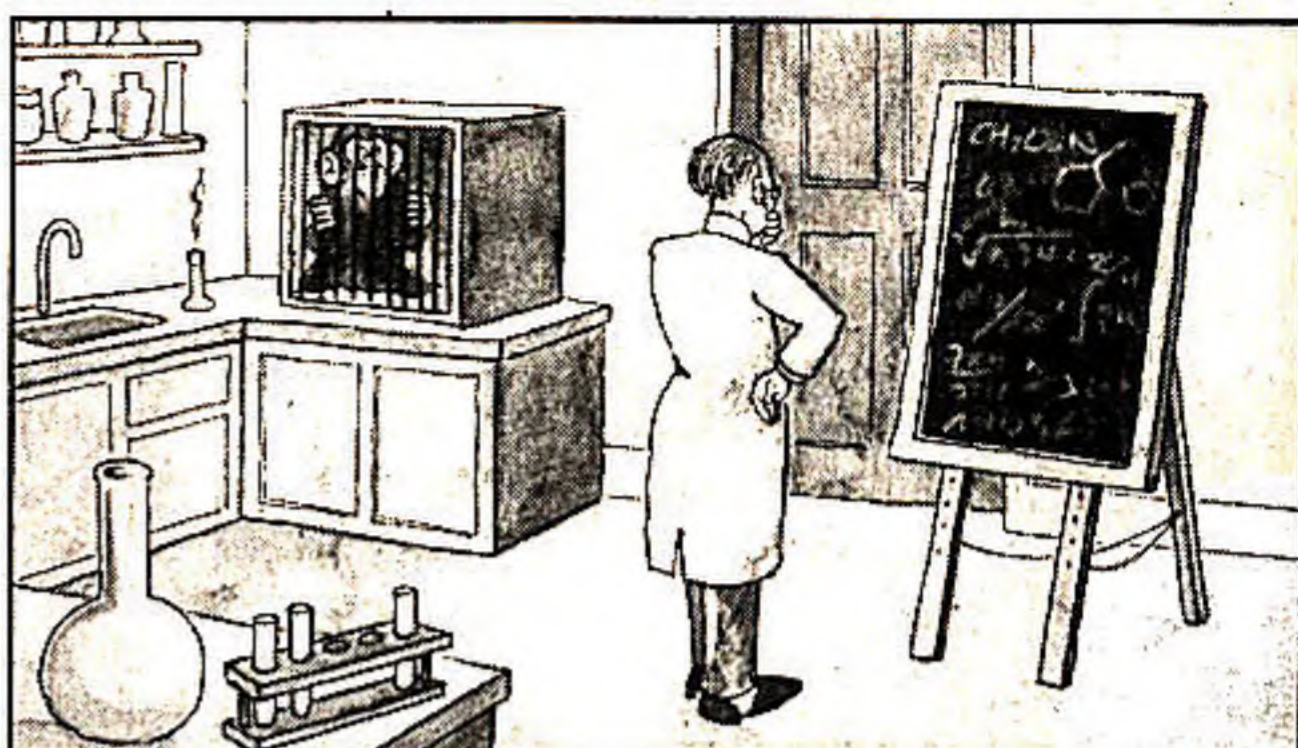
OF a sudden he heard a commotion, and running to investigate, saw a crowd gathered about two men who were brawling. "Great! A fight!" he exclaimed, and quickly joined the excited crowd. The rivals punched and kicked for all they were worth, but all too quickly the fight was over as the loser fell, bloodied and bruised, to the floor.



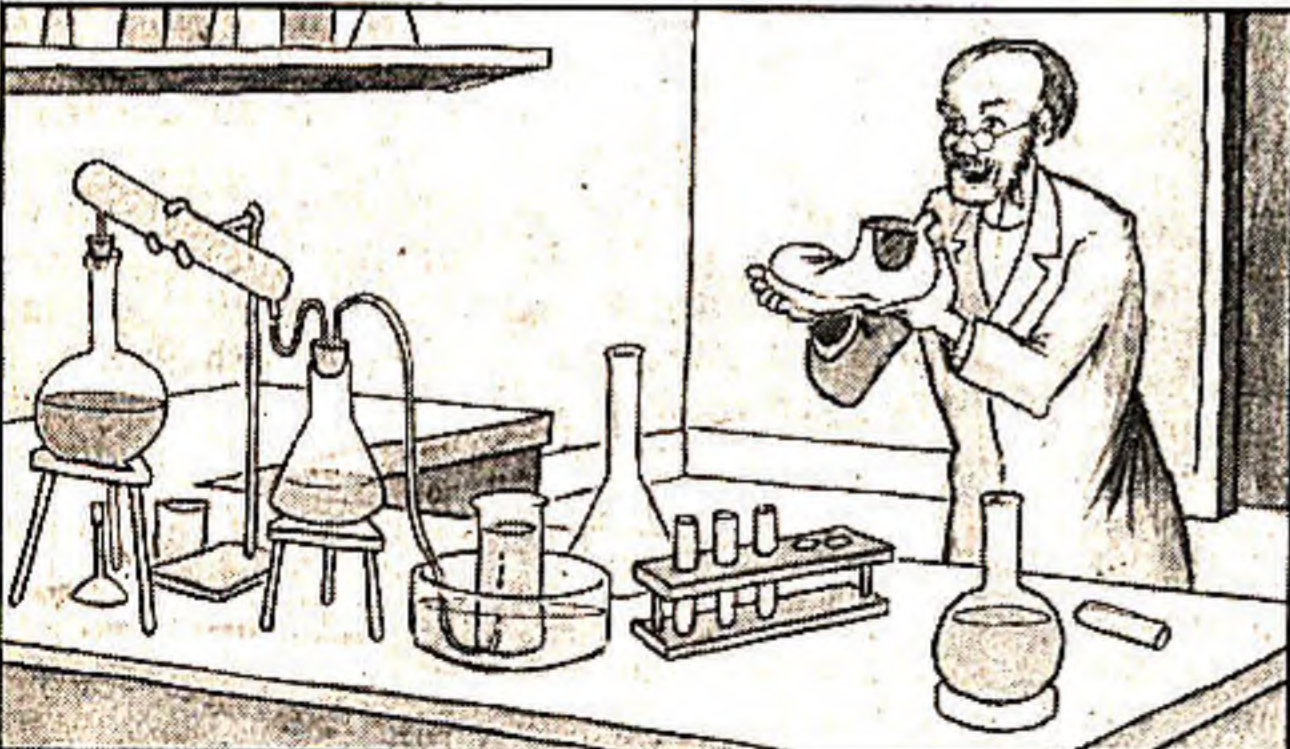
DOCTOR Boot gently cradled the vanquished man's head in his arms as his life slipped away. "Oh, what a terrible thing to happen" he thought to himself. "I was part of that baying, bloodthirsty crowd. I encouraged this man to fight, and I was enjoying the spectacle. Now, not two minutes later, he lies dead." The doctor hung his head. "Frankly, I feel short changed"



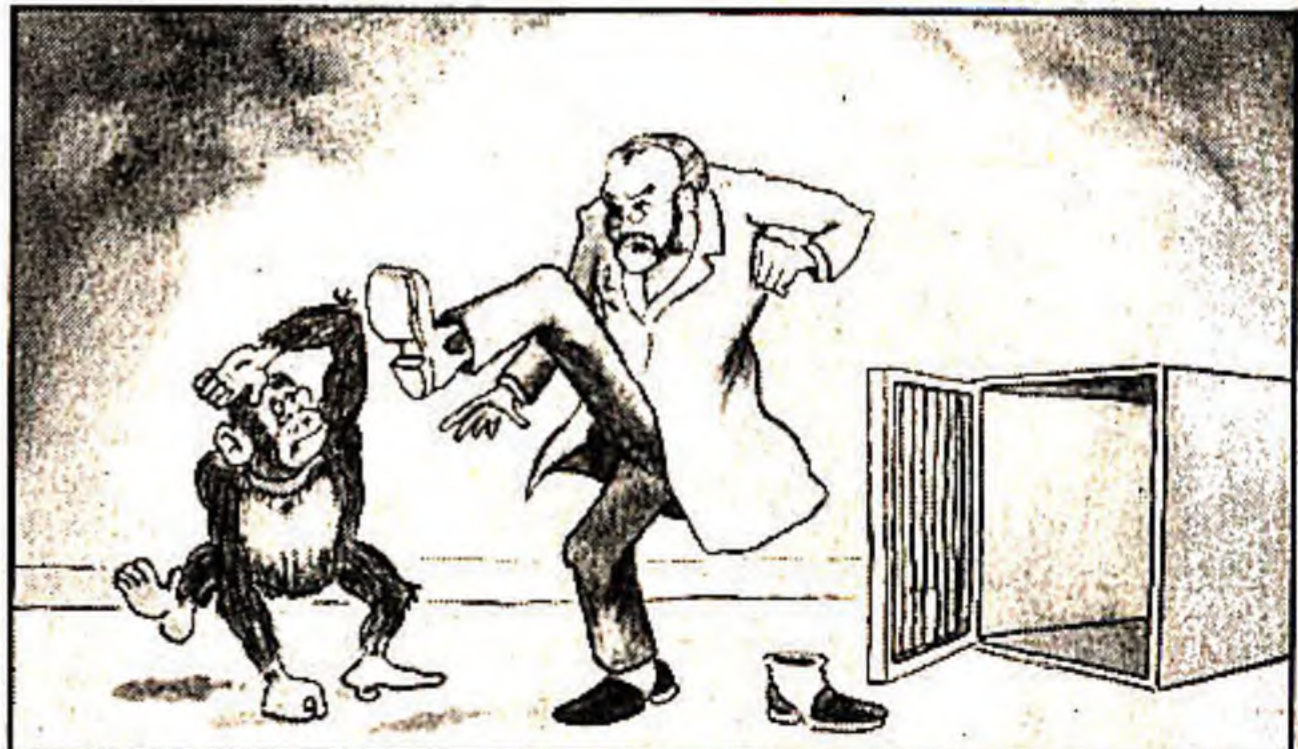
THAT evening in his study, he sat and pondered on the day's events. "The human skull cannot stand prolonged kicking from these old fashioned hobnail boots" he mused. "If only there were a boot as sturdy, but with a more forgiving sole, allowing a fellow to kick someone's fucking head in for longer." There and then, he decided to develop such a boot.



IN his laboratory the next day, Dr. Boot set about his quest to design the footwear that would revolutionise street fighting and take hooliganism into the next century. After a few hours thought, he decided to experiment with the idea of introducing an air pocket into a rubberised sole, thus producing a cushioning effect between boot and head.

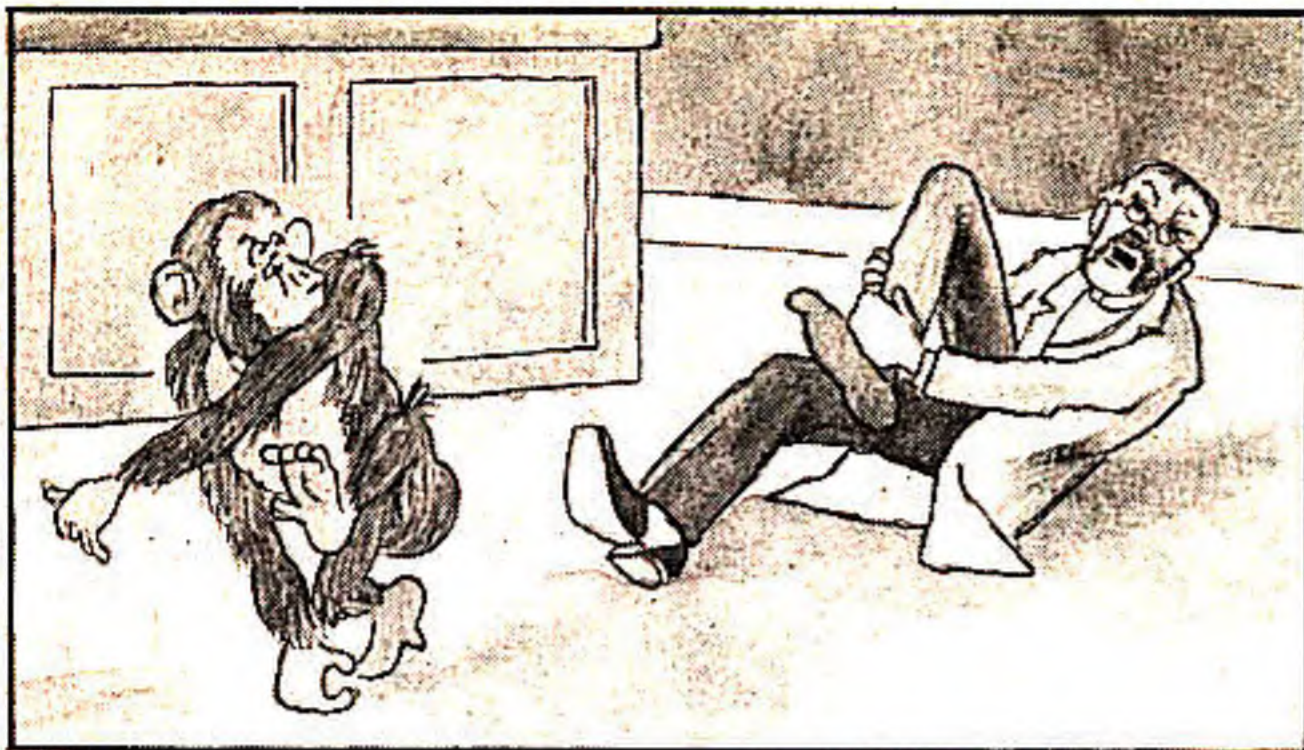


WORKING single-mindedly for weeks on end, Dr. Boot experimented with many substances in pursuit of his goal. After countless unsuccessful efforts, he eventually produced a bouncing elastic compound for the sole. Soon afterwards, a prototype slip-on Aggro boot with elasticated sides was ready to be tested.



THE new boot proved to be better than Dr. Boot thought. It passed initial stamping trials on laboratory rats and mice with flying colours. "Excellent. Now to really put it through its paces by kicking this chimpanzee's fucking head in," said the Doctor as he got stuck in to the hapless animal.

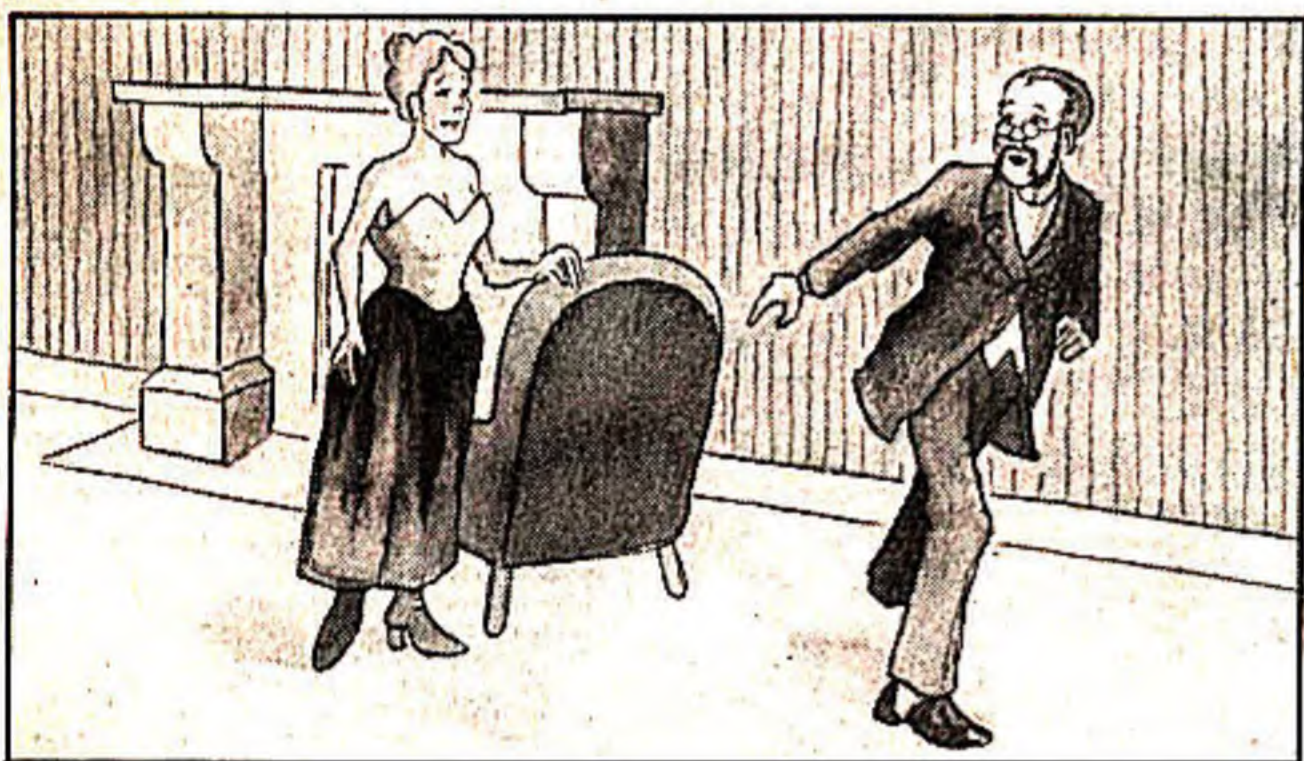




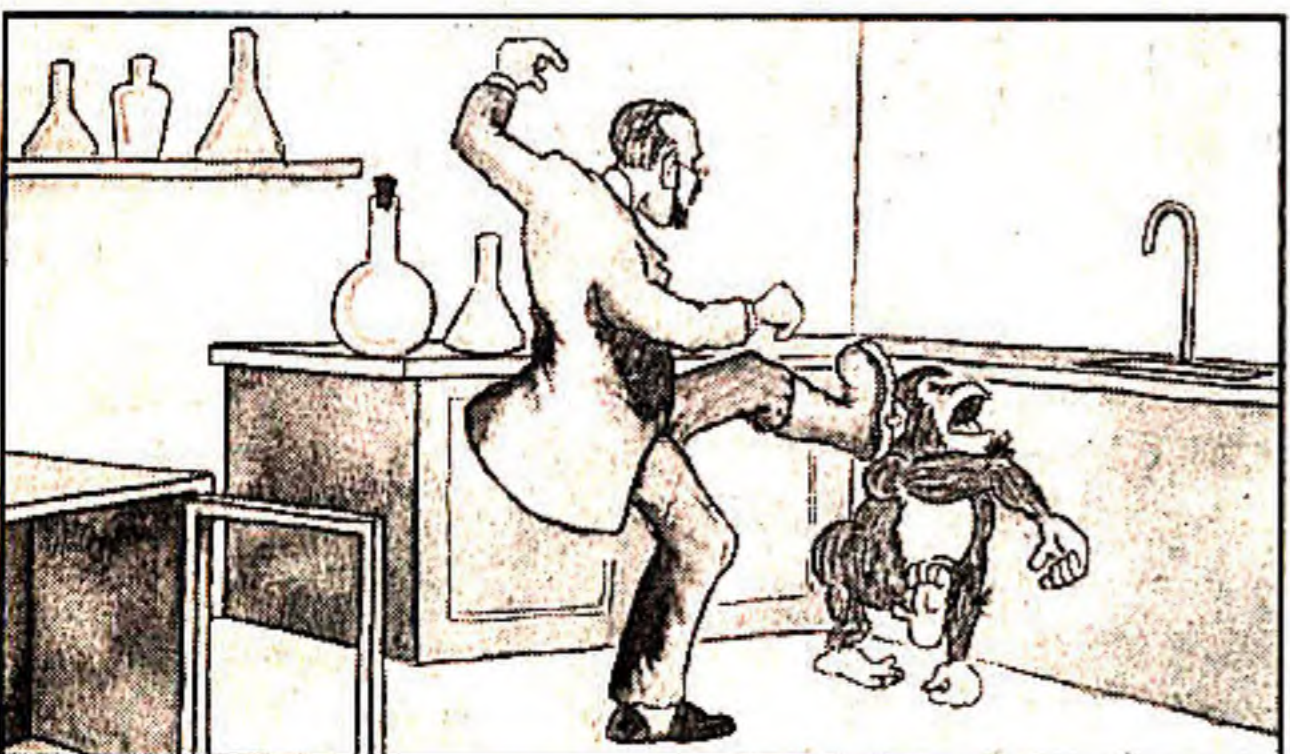
BUT disaster struck after only two good wellies to the side of the monkey's face. "Arrrrgh!" Boot yelled, and a sudden searing pain up his calf told him that he had twisted his ankle. Simultaneously, the prototype boot flew from his foot, upsetting a bottle of leeches on the far side of the laboratory.



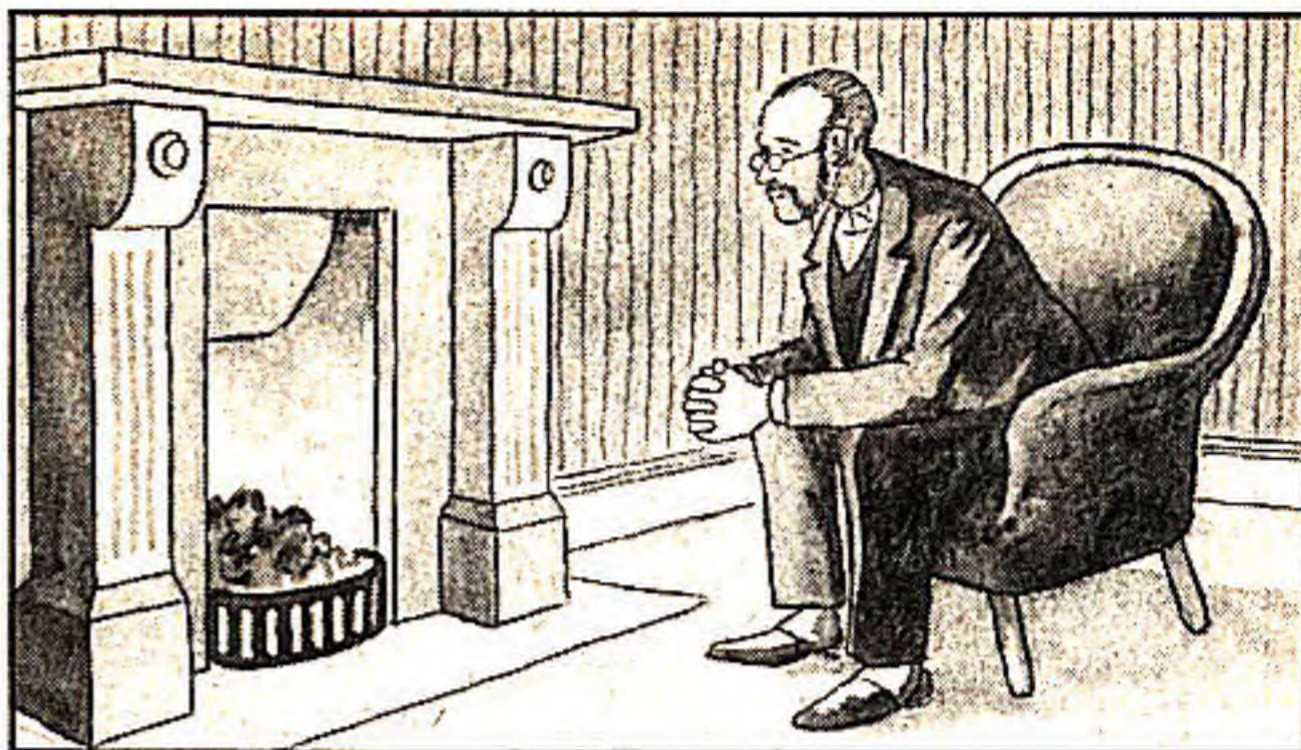
BUT it's always darkest just before the dawn, and the history of shoes is littered with bizarre coincidence. And Boot's story was to prove no exception. "Do hurry up, Martin dear" said his wife, suddenly entering the study. "We're going to be late for the theatre and I need you to help me do up my Victorian corsets."



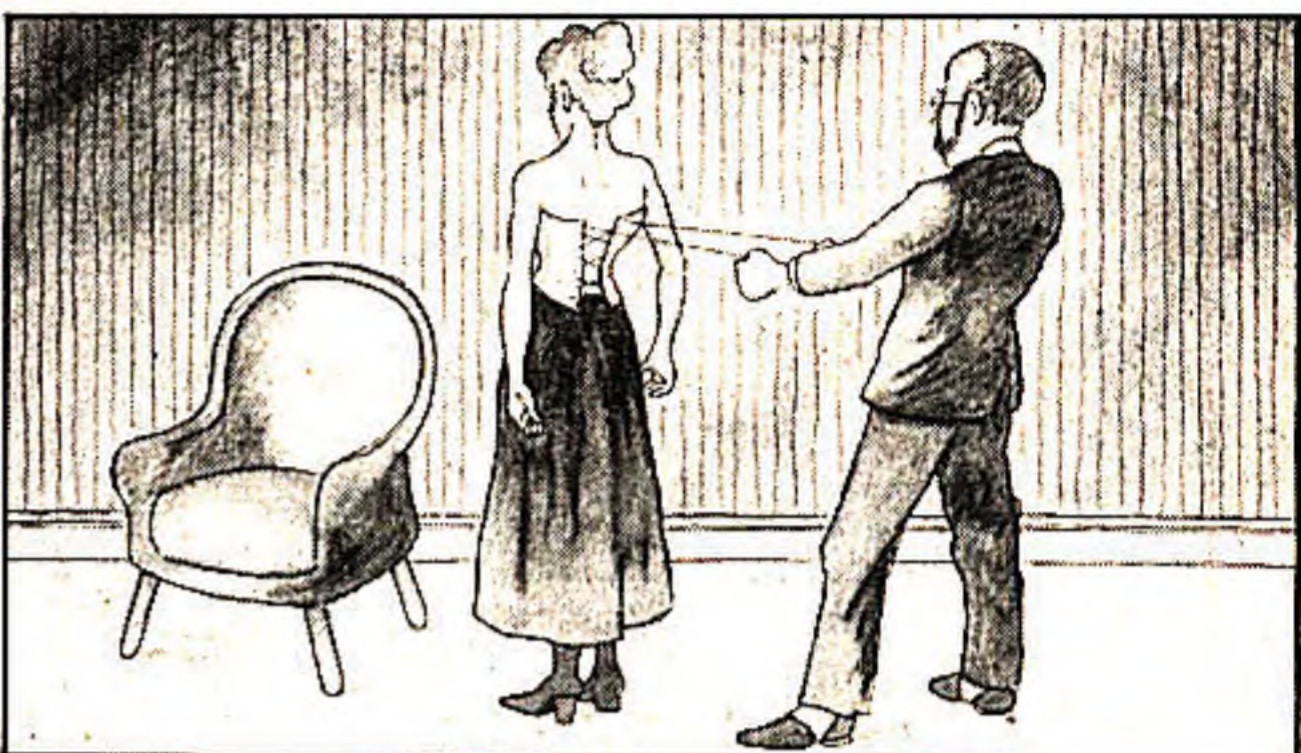
LEAVING his bemused wife half corsetted, Dr. Boot fled from the study in a state of great excitement. "I have no time for the theatre, my dear!" he announced. "I intend to work feverishly through the night on a new creation, ignoring all pleas to rest or take food." And with that, he disappeared into his laboratory.



DONNING his boot, the doctor set about the chimpanzee in a frenzied attack. "Stitch that you hairy bastard" he screamed as he kicked and he kicked and he kicked. He kicked the chimp's fucking head in for over forty five minutes before it finally lapsed into unconsciousness and died. The new boot was a complete success.



UNDETERRED by this setback, the Doctor continued his painstaking research over the following months. But with each successive prototype he was beset by the same problem, either he twisted his ankle or the boot came off. The catalogue of failure took its toll on Boot's spirit and he began to despair of achieving his dream.



AS he pulled on the ropes of his wife's whalebone corset, inspiration struck the doctor like a bolt of lightning. "That's it! Corsets!" he shouted, and suddenly, everything became clear! Slip-on boots were not the answer. "What is needed is a tightly laced boot extending half way up the calf," he yelled.



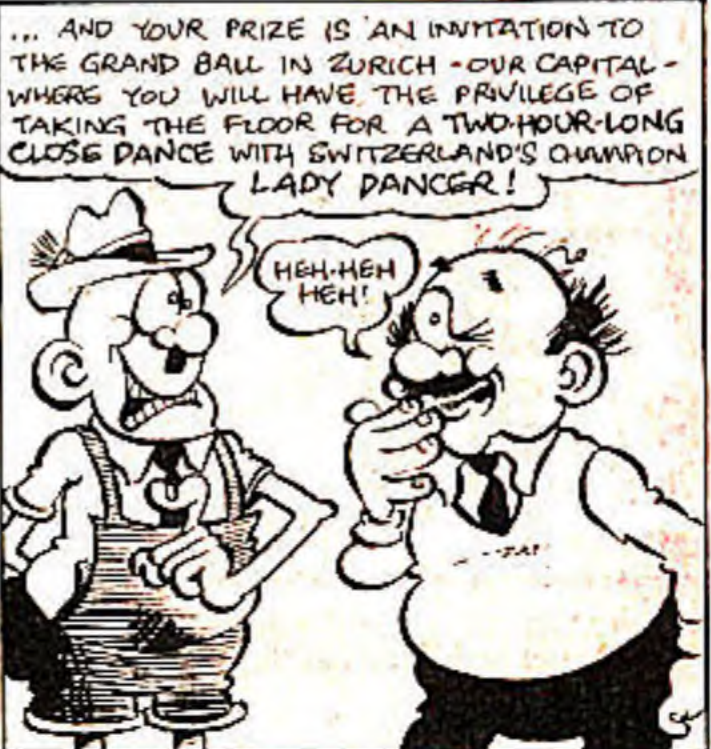
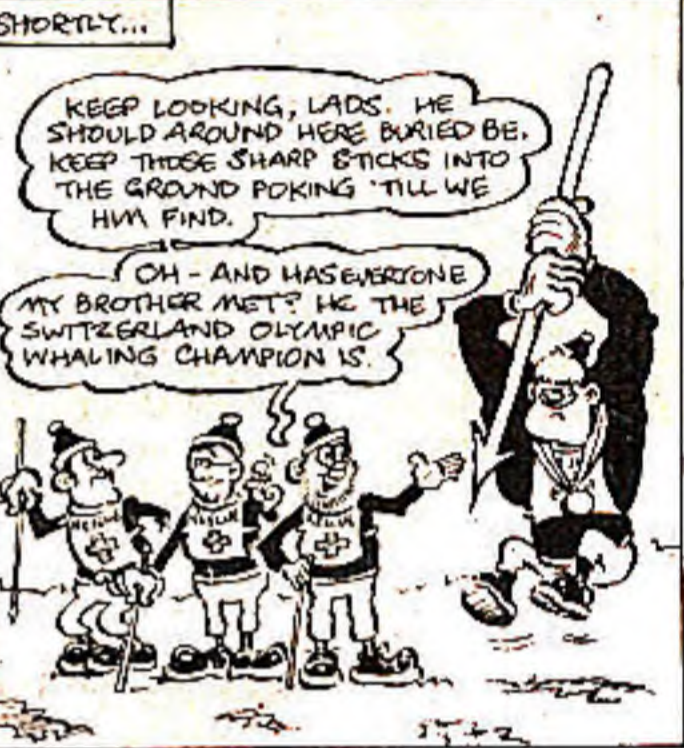
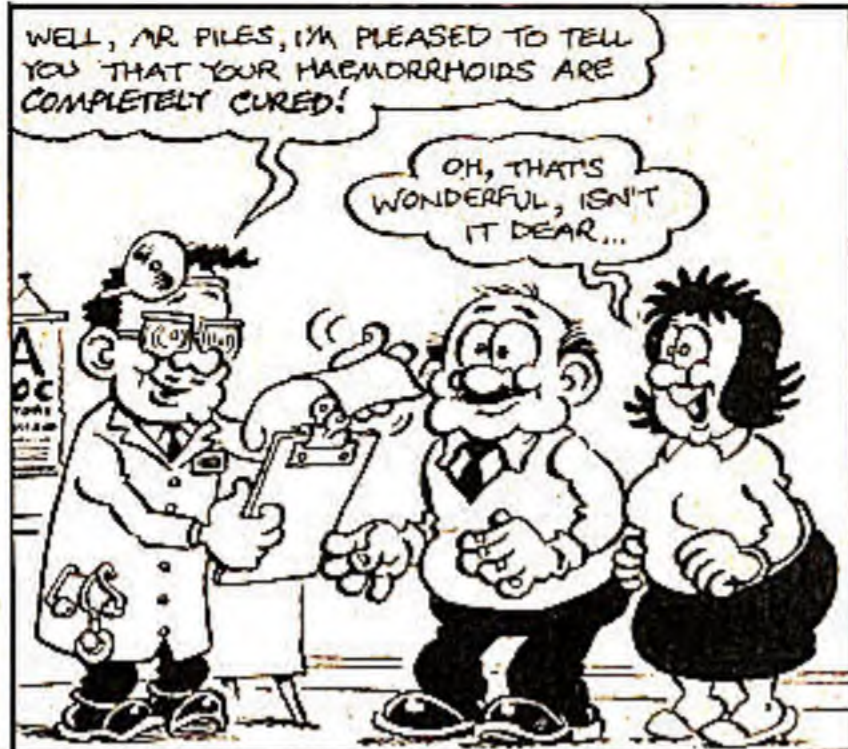
FOR two days and nights the doctor worked like a man possessed in single-minded pursuit of his goal. Eventually, his work complete, he fell exhausted into a deep sleep. He had given all he had to give. He awoke the next day and looked at his new twenty lace hole boot. It was ready to be tested.



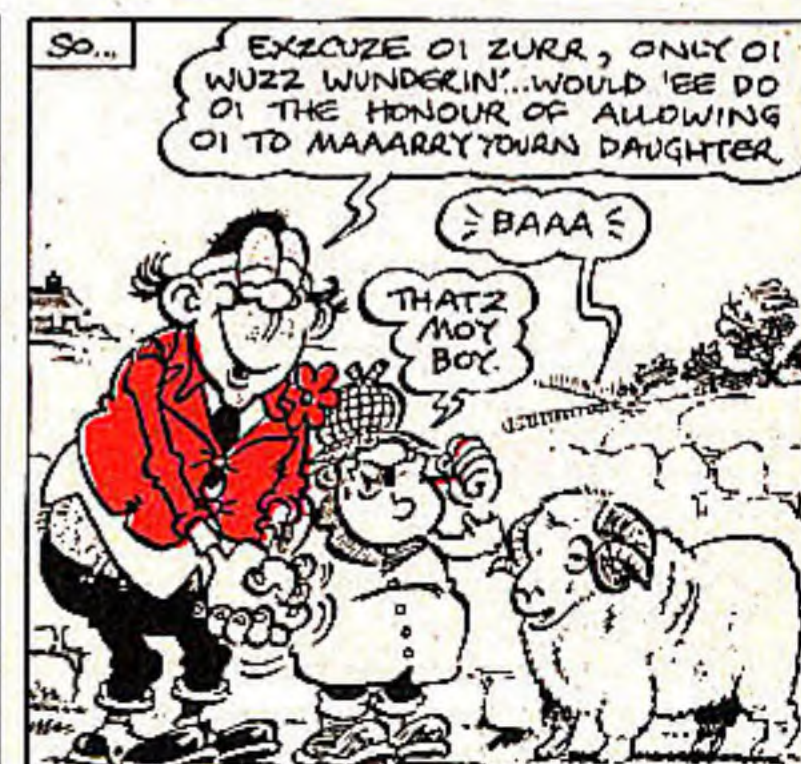
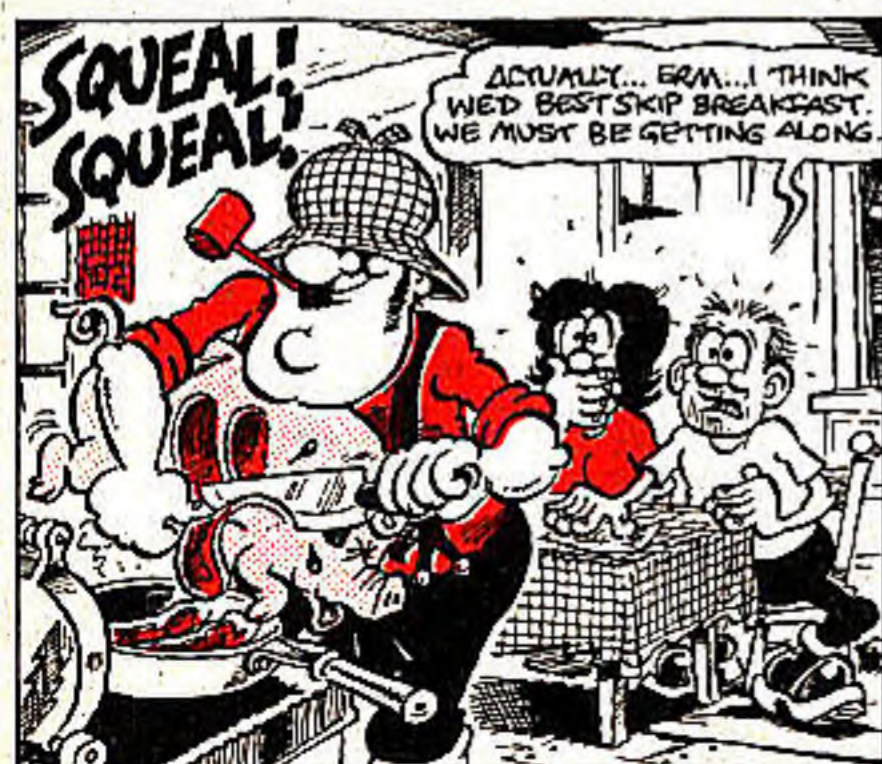
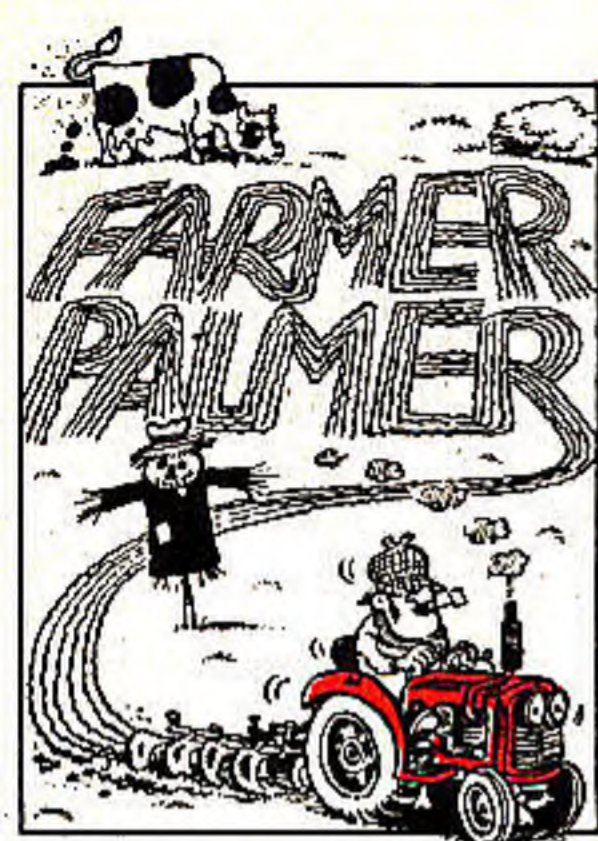
AND so it was that the new 'Patent Botheration Boot' came about and sold in its millions to a fight hungry Victorian public. The history of street brawling and aggravation was to change forever in its wake. But it may all have been very different, had a Victorian lady not entered her husband's study in her corsets.



# NOBBY'S PILES









# BIFFA BACON

ONE EVENING IN BIFFA'S HOOSE...

**CRUNCH! MUNCH!  
CHOMP! GUZZLE!**

BLARE!  
BLARE!  
BLARE!

CAN YERS KEEP THE FUCKIN' NOISE  
DOON!? I'M TRYIN' T' DE ME HERM-  
WERK!

FUCK OFF Y' CHEEKY CUNT.  
HERMWERK'S FOR HERMERZ!

BIFFA. PERHAPS IT WOULD  
BE BEST IF MUTHA AND I  
WENT OUTSIDE

ERM... AYE!

NOW, HAD ABOUT MUTHA. WUZ IS  
BEIN' SELFISH. THE POOR BAIRN  
NEEDS A BIT OF PEACE 'N' QUIET

IF YERS FANCY GANNIN COT  
LIKE, THAT'D BE PERFECT

HOO! MUTHA. D'Y HEAR THAT?  
THIS UN'S ASKIN' US OOT!

HE FUCKIN'  
IS, IS HE?

NA-NA-NAH! Y'VE GOT US  
WRANG, FATHA. I DIVVUN  
WANT NEY TRUBBLE

IT'S JUST ME HERM-WERK,  
Y' SEE. I CANNAT DEE IT

AH! THAT'S WHAT IT IS! WELL  
IN THAT CASE, PERHAPS ME  
AN' YA MUTHA CAN HELP...

AYE, SON. WE'RE NOT FUCKIN'  
ST-YUPID Y'KNAA. TELL US  
WORRIT IS Y' CANNAT DEE

WELL, I'M HAVIN' A  
BIT OF TRUBBLE WITH  
ME BIOLOGY, LIKE

Y'VE GOT A PROBLEM  
WI' THAT, HAVE YA?

AYE... THAT'S REET...  
I CAN'T QUITE...

YOU'VE GOT A FUCKIN' PROBLEM  
EH!? IS THAT WHAT YA SAYIN'?

WHAT'S HIS FUCKIN'  
PROBLEM, EH!? I DIVVUN KNAA. SEZ  
HE'S GORRA PROBLEM!

GOT A FUCKIN' PROBLEM  
HAVE YA? WANNA MAKE  
SOMETHING OF IT, DO YA?

NA-NA-NAA, MUTHA! I'VE  
GOT NEY PROBLEM. I'M  
JUST HAVIN' A BIT OF DIF-I-  
CULTY, LIKE, WI' ME BOOK

IT'S THIS BIT HERE, SEE.  
ABOUT REE-PRER-DUCTION

REE-PRER-FUCKIN' WHAAT?  
GIZ A LOOK AT THIS SHITE  
YA READIN'!

OH... MARY  
MOTHER  
OF JESUS!

WHAT IS IT,  
MUTHA?

IT'S THE LANGUAGE... I  
THINK I'M GANNA VOMIT

YA REET. THIS IS FUCKIN'  
DISGUSTIN'

AYE. AN'  
WOR BIFFA AANLY  
A WEE BAIRN N'ALL

JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY  
HANDS ON THE DORTY  
PORVORTS AT THAT SCHOOL  
WHAT GIVED BIFFA THIS FILTH!

NEXT DAY...

BIFFA'S  
SCHOOL

NOW CHILDREN, IN TODAY'S LESSON...

HOW, YEE!

I BEG YOUR  
PARDON?

I WANNA FUCKIN' WORD WI' YEE!

Y'VE BEEN FILLIN' WOR  
BIFFA'S HEED FULL O' FUCKIN'  
FILTH, Y' DORTY PORVORT!

FILTH!? REALLY! WHAT ON  
EARTH ARE YOU ON ABOUT?

I'M ON ABOUT THIS  
FUCKIN' DISGUSTIN'  
FILTH HERE!!

WHAT?...

YOU MEAN  
THE WORD  
PENIS?

HE'S SAID IT...

... HE'S FUCKIN' SAID  
THE CUNT, FATHA!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
RUDE ABOUT THE WORD  
PENIS...

HOY. THAT'S  
A FUCKIN'  
LADY YA'  
TAALKIN' TEE!

UH... A'M GANNA VOMIT!

WELL, FORTUNATELY, I'M NOT  
BIFFA'S BIOLOGY TEACHER.  
YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK TO HIM!

YEAH!? AND  
WHO'S HE!??

WHAT THE FUCK GO  
ON HERE!? EH!?

AH, MR. BULLCRUSHER. I BELIEVE  
MR. AND MRS. BACON HERE WERE  
JUST CALLING YOU A FRIGGING  
PORVORT

EH!? ME!?  
PORVORT!?

I NO LIKE PEOPLE CALL  
ME PORVORT... ERRGH!!

THAT NOT NICE! THAT  
MAKE ME ANGRY!

THAT EVENING... HEH! HEH! HEH!  
WITH MUTHA AN'  
FATHA IN INTENSNE CARE FOR A  
FEW WEEKS, I'LL HAVE NO MORE  
DISTRACTIONS, EH, READERS!?

YES, BIFFA. BUT PITY  
ABOUT THE SHIT ENDING

← READER'S VOICE





# We've Got a Puritan

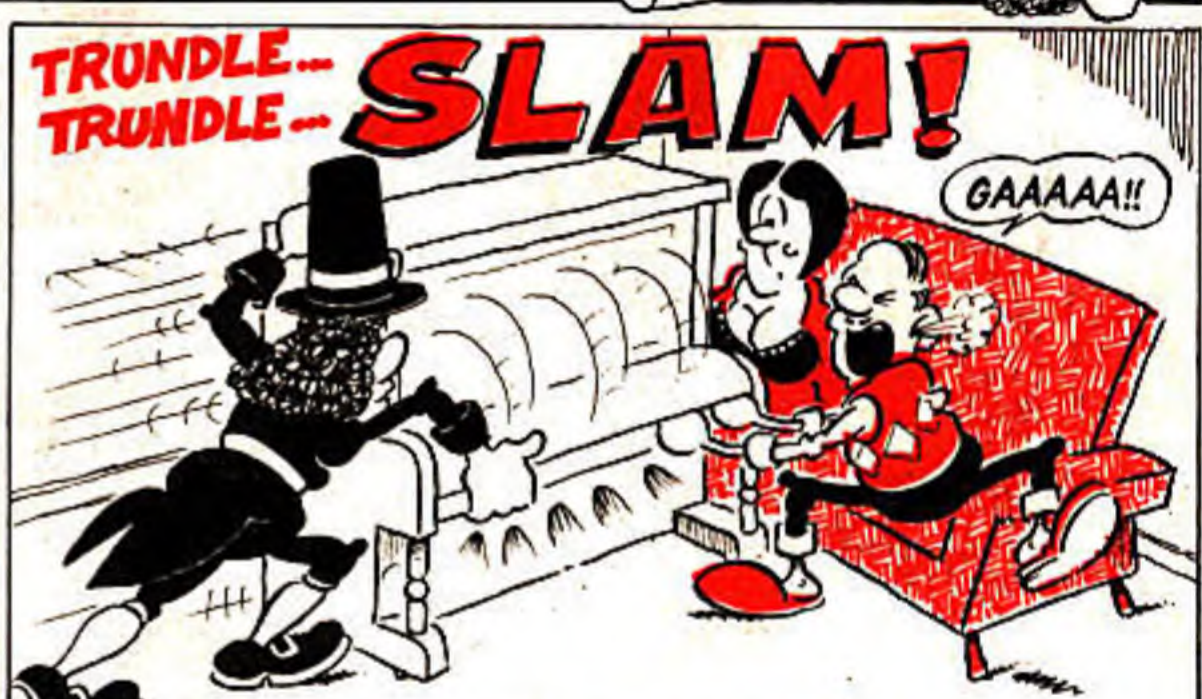
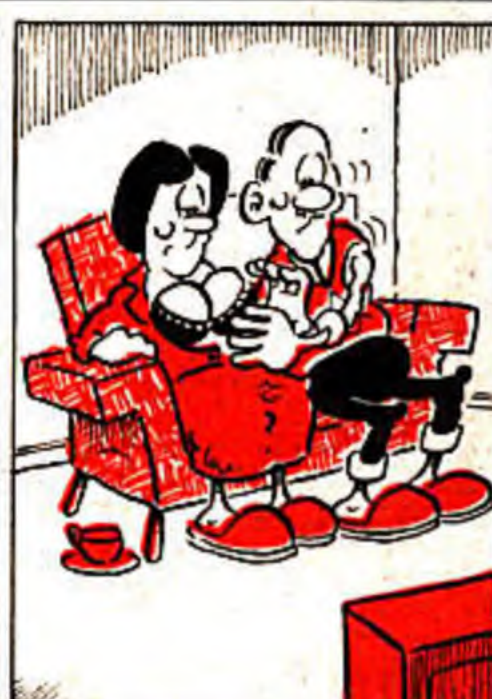


Mr. & Mrs. Dudley were the unluckiest couple in Barnston, for they had won a raffle in a raffle



TELL YOU WHAT, AUDREY, I DON'T HALF FANCY COPPING A FEEL OF YOUR TITS WHILE I WATCH TELLY

ALRIGHT, GEORGE.



TRUNDLE... TRUNDLE... **SLAM!**

GAAAAA!!



**THROB! THROB!**



NOW, GET OUT AND STAY OUT, YOU PESKY PURITAN. NOBODY STOPS ME KNEADING MY OWN MISSEUSE'S BAPS IN FRONT OF THE BOX

**PUNT!**



NOW THEN... WHERE WAS I? YOU WERE ABOUT TO SQUEEZE MY JUGS AND WATCH TELLY

OH, YES!



EH? I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT... TRY AS I MIGHT... NNING! I JUST NNING! CAN'T GET MY... HANDS ANYWHERE... NNING! NEAR... YOUR... CHURNS!

NNING!

**STRAIN**

EH?!



BAH! IT'S HIM AGAIN. HE'S ATTRACTING MY CUFFLINKS WITH THAT OVERSIZED MAGNET

THIS QUAKER IS DETERMINED NOT TO LET ME GET MY OATS



SO... COME ON, AUDREY, I'LL FEEL THEM UP IN THE SHED...

... HE'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME IN THERE



HEH! HEH! THIS IS SMASHING, THIS



HOLD ON!... I'M GIVING YOUR HEADLAMPS A GOOD OLD FONDLING, BUT I CAN'T FEEL A BLOODY THING!

SQUEEZE SQUASH



LOCAL ANAESTHETIC



SHORTLY... RIGHT I'VE SENT THE PURITAN OUT FOR SOME FACS. I'VE GOT TEN MINUTES TO MASH YOUR PAPS



HEH! HEH! HERE WE GO!



**SNAP!**

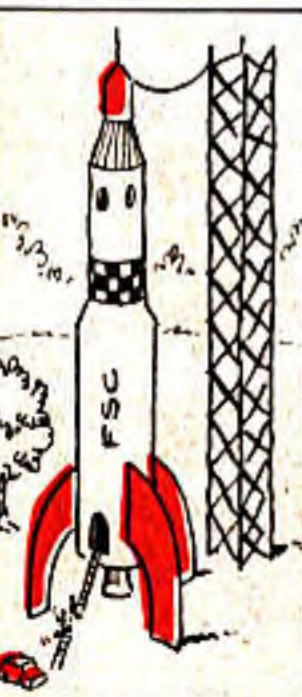
**YEEOW!!**



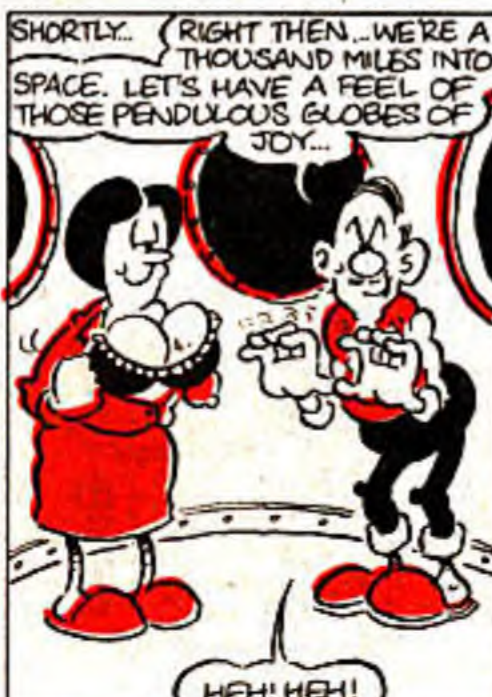
...WHAT THE...?!



SO... COME ON, AUDREY, I'LL RUB YOUR KNOCKERS UP IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO



**BOOOOM!**



SHORTLY... (RIGHT THEN... WE'RE A THOUSAND MILES INTO SPACE. LET'S HAVE A FEEL OF THOSE PENDULOUS GLOBES OF JOY...

HEH! HEH!



EH?!... WHAT'S GOING ON?! THIS IS RUBBISH! I CAN'T FEEL A BLOODY THING!

SORRY, LOVE... THEY'VE GONE WEIGHTLESS



HEH! HEH!

MORE PURITANICAL TIT FEELERY-THWARTERY NEXT TIME!



# SPOT THE CLUE

WITH  
THE BODY SHOP'S  
ANITA RODDICK



AS A BUSY BEAUTY EXPERT, I FIND THAT THE BEST WAY TO RELAX IS TO SETTLE DOWN WITH A GOOD DETECTIVE YARN. HERE'S ONE I "MADE UP" EARLIER: THE CASE OF THE DEAD ARCHBISHOP



THE SCENE IS ST MICHAEL'S VICARAGE, HOME OF REV. ARTHUR PEDARAST AND HIS WIFE, MRS PEDARAST

THERE GOES THE DOORBELL - I'LL ANSWER IT, DEAR

I WONDER WHO IT CAN BE?



IT'S THE ARCHBISHOP TO SEE YOU, DEAR

ARCHBISHOP! THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED HONOUR

I HAVE MADE A MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, REVEREND PEDARAST. JUST WATCH THIS



I'VE FILLED MY ARCHBISHOPS HAT WITH ORDINARY TABLE SALT, AND DRILLED SMALL HOLES IN THE TOP

NOW I SIMPLY MAKE VIOLENT JERKY SIDEWAYS MOVEMENTS WITH MY HEAD - LIKE SO - AND SALT IS SPRINKLED OUT THE END



YOU SEE? I HAVE TRANSFORMED MYSELF INTO A HUMAN SALT CELLAR

I AM NOW A COMBINED ARCHBISHOP AND CONDIMENT DISPENSER - THIS WILL REVOLUTIONISE THE IMAGE OF THE CHURCH IN BRITAIN TODAY!



OOH, ARCHBISHOP - THIS ANONYMOUS BETTER HAS JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU

AH, THANK YOU MRS PEDARAST



WHAT TH -

STOP BEING A SALT DISPENSER OR I'LL KILL YOU

IT'S SOME KIND OF THREATENING LETTER



PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER HEED THE WARNING ARCHBISHOP - THEY COULD MEAN BUSINESS!

NONSENSE! WE MUST STAND FIRM IN OUR BELIEFS, REVEREND. I WILL NOT ALLOW GODLESS BLACKMAILERS TO MAKE ME WAVER IN MY FAITH



NOW WHY DON'T YOU FIX US EACH A DRINK WHILST I SALT THESE CANAPÉS

RIGHT AWAY ARCHBISHOP



SUDDENLY THE ROOM PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS AND A SHOT RANG OUT

BANG!

WHAT ON EARTH?!



MOMENTS LATER THE LIGHTS RETURNED

GREAT SCOTT! THE ARCHBISHOP'S BEEN MURDERED!

I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE



INSPECTOR SHARPE OF SCOTLAND YARD WAS SHORTLY ON THE SCENE

I ASSUME YOU DID NOT CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE KILLER IF IT ALL HAPPENED IN PITCH DARKNESS REVEREND

THAT'S CORRECT INSPECTOR, BUT MY WIFE MAY HAVE SEEN SOMETHING



AND WHERE WERE YOU AT THIS TIME, MRS PEDARAST?

IN MY BEDROOM JUST ACROSS THE HALL...



I WAS SEATED AT MY DRESSING TABLE, TAKING A FEW MINUTES TO TOUCH UP MY MAKE UP

I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF MY APPEARANCE, INSPECTOR, AND I WANTED TO LOOK MY BEST FOR THE ARCHBISHOP...



"SUDDENLY I SAW REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR THE FIGURE OF A MAN CREEPING DOWN THE HALL TOWARDS THE DRAWING ROOM"

THAT WAS WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AND I HEARD THE GUNSHOT



LOOKS LIKE THE KILLER ESCAPED UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, INSPECTOR

MAYBE NOT, REVEREND

CAN YOU SPOT THE CLUE?



YOU MURDERED THE ARCHBISHOP, MRS PEDARAST

CELLAR

AND I BELIEVE WE WILL FIND THE EVIDENCE DOWN IN THE CELLAR



GOOD LORD! MY CELLAR HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY

YES, REVEREND PEDARAST, YOUR WIFE IS AN INSANE SCIENTIST, WHO HAS USED HER TWISTED GENIUS TO CREATE A GIANT SLUG - AND BRING IT TO LIFE!



BUT SHE WAS TERRIFIED THAT THE ARCHBISHOP WOULD DESTROY HER UNHOLY CREATION BY SPRINKLING SALT ON IT

SO SHE WAS FORCED TO SHOOT HIM WITH A GUN



IT'S A FAIR COP, I ONLY WANTED TO CREATE A GIANT SLUG, AND BRING IT TO LIFE

I HEREBY ARREST YOU FOR MEDDLING WITH POWERS THAT MAN WAS NEVER MEANT TO MEDDLE WITH



LATER, TELL ME, INSPECTOR - HOW DID YOU COME TO SUSPECT MY WIFE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

HER STORY SIMPLY DIDN'T ADD UP, REVEREND. YOU SEE, SHE CLAIMED THAT SHE ALWAYS TAKES CARE OF HER APPEARANCE - BUT A CURSDRY GLANCE AT HER FACE TOLD ME THAT THIS IS UNTRUE



ANITA RODDICK SAYS DID YOU SPOT THE CLUE?

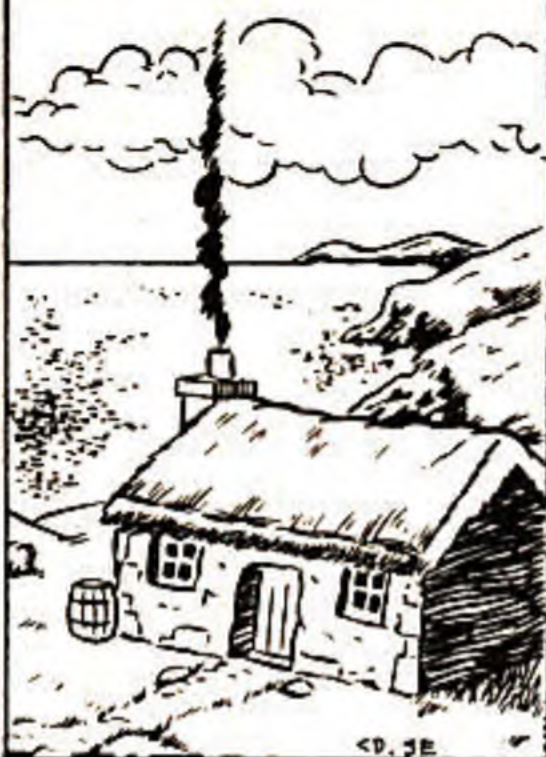
FAR FROM MAKING THE MOST OF HER LOOKS, MRS PEDARAST HAD RATHER LET HERSELF GO

TO KEEP LOOKING GOOD ALL DAY LONG, SHE SHOULD HAVE TRIED USING ONE OF THE MORE LONG-LASTING FOUNDATION CREAMS, SUCH AS MAX LAUDER'S EXTRA PERFORMANCE, PRICED £9.50 FROM ALL GOOD CHEMISTS



# Jack Black and his dog Silver in The CUCKOO Mystery

Summer was here yet again and Jack Black and his dog Silver were staying at Aunt Meg's croft on the remote Hebridean Island of Bra.



CUCKOO!!

Woof! Woof!

Never mind that Silver, it's just a cuckoo clock



Nice, isn't it. Old Mr Muller made it for me

Muller? Is he a kraut?

He's a German, yes. But he's a very nice man

During the war, there was an army P.O.W. camp here on the island. Fritz Muller was a German prisoner who was held there. He passed the time away making toys for local children, and when the war was over he decided to stay. Now he runs a clock repair shop in the village

That morning Jack headed straight down to the village to investigate...

Hmmm. I don't like the sound of this Nazi clock mender

Let's see what the kraffy kraut is up to!

Well, you must be young Jack Black. And this must be your dog Silver. Aunt Meg told me were coming to stay

In fact... I have a little surprise for you Jack!

Here it is. I made it just for you. Do you like soldiers, Jack?

Why yes, of course I do...

But I like the brave British ones, like my uncle Tom. The kind who win wars! Not cowardly Krauts. Stuff your silly toy!

Later that morning Jack strolled along the cliffs to the old abandoned prisoner of war camp where German soldiers had once been held.

That sausage eater is up to something Silver. And I suspect we'll find the answer to the mystery down there

Come on. Let's investigate.

Woof!

Strangel! This place has been closed for fifty years...

...but there's fresh footprints leading to this door!

How peculiar! The footprints simply stop here, at this stove. And the stove is still warm!

That night, after a tiring day of investigation, Jack tucked into a hearty British tea of home made sausages, mashed potato and chips.

The jigsaw... Scoff! Munch! ...is beginning... to take shape... Aunt Meg... Slurp! But one or two pieces... Chomp! Guzzel! Burp! ...are still missing!

That's nice dear. Now, where did I leave my gold ring?

I'm sure it was here on the window sill, but I can't seem to find it anywhere. What a nuisance. Where can it be?

Did you say GOLD ring?!

But of course... That's it Aunt Meg!

Hey Jack. Where are you going? It's time for pudding. Your favourite!

Sorry Aunt Meg. There's detective work to be done!

Ruff! Ruff!

Jack paid a call on the village bobby.

Quick constable! Grab your coat, and a gun, and follow me!

Whatever you say Jack



Half an hour later Jack and the local bobby lay in wait in the darkness of the old army camp...



So, who is it that we're waiting for, eh Jack?

Never mind that. Just aim your gun at that door and get ready to fire

Seconds later the door swung slowly open, and in walked the shadowy figure of Mr Muller, the German clock repairer.



BANG!!

Uuungh!!

Fire!

There was a blinding flash and Muller was thrown backwards in a cloud of gunsmoke



Well Jack, perhaps now you can tell me what this all about

What have you found Silver?

Woof! woof!

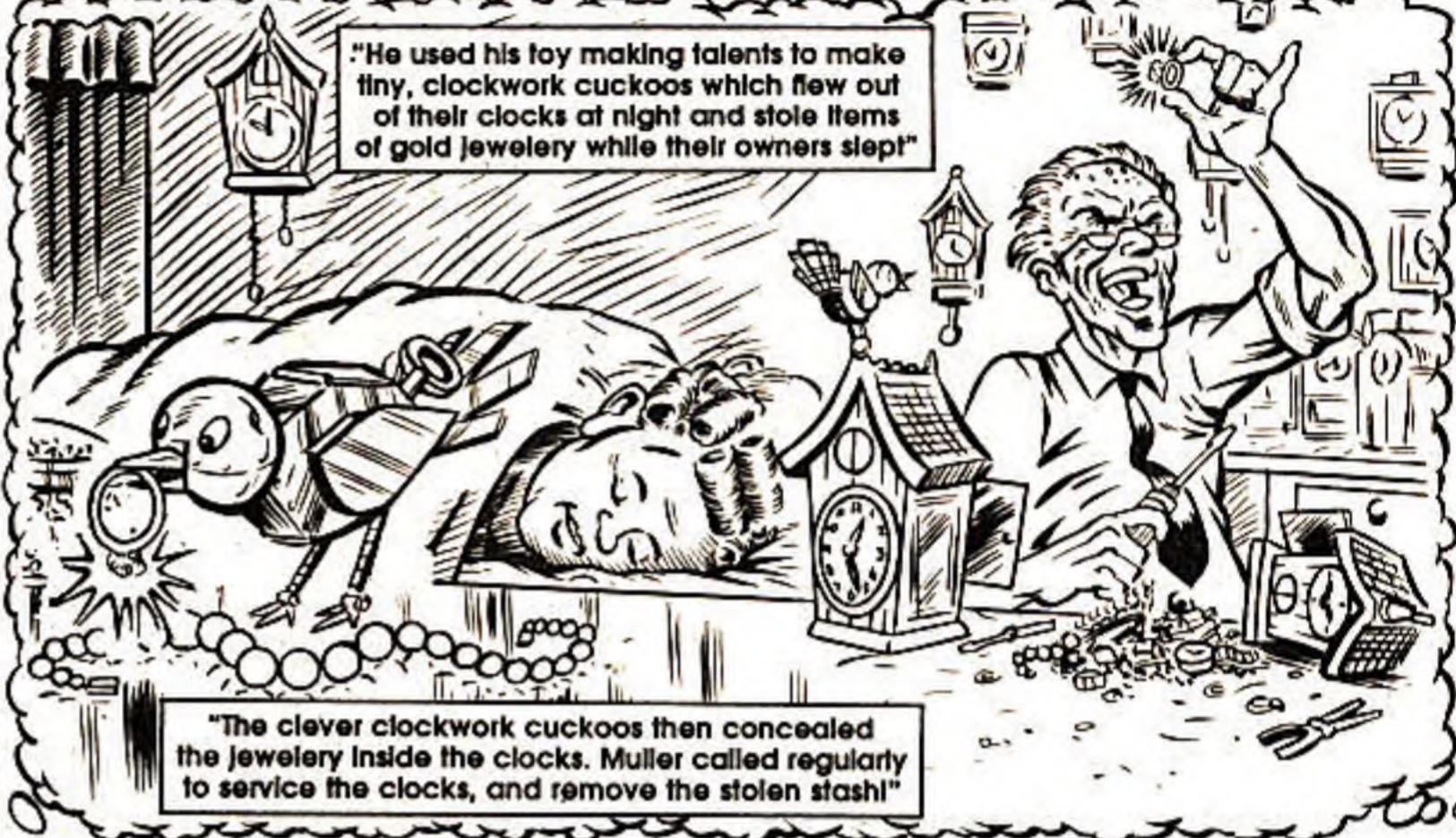


I think you'll find all this jewellery has been stolen recently from Mr Muller's customers!

So... he was a thief, eh?



Worse than that I'm afraid. Muller was an evil Nazi whose cuckoo clocks were the cornerstone of an international gold smuggling operation



"He used his toy making talents to make tiny, clockwork cuckoos which flew out of their clocks at night and stole items of gold jewellery while their owners slept"

"The clever clockwork cuckoos then concealed the jewellery inside the clocks. Muller called regularly to service the clocks, and remove the stolen stash!"



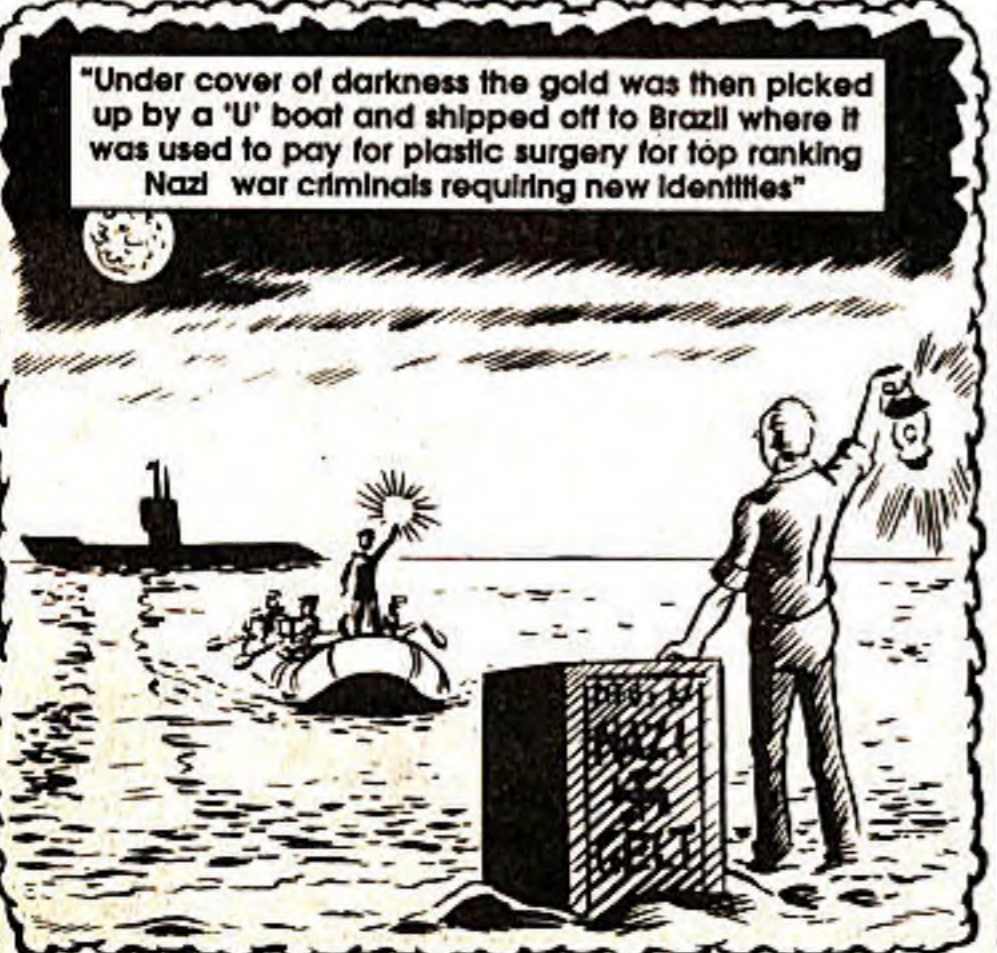
He then brought it here, the ideal place to melt it down into Nazi gold, using this old stove as a furnace

Mmm. I see. But what did he do with the gold after that?

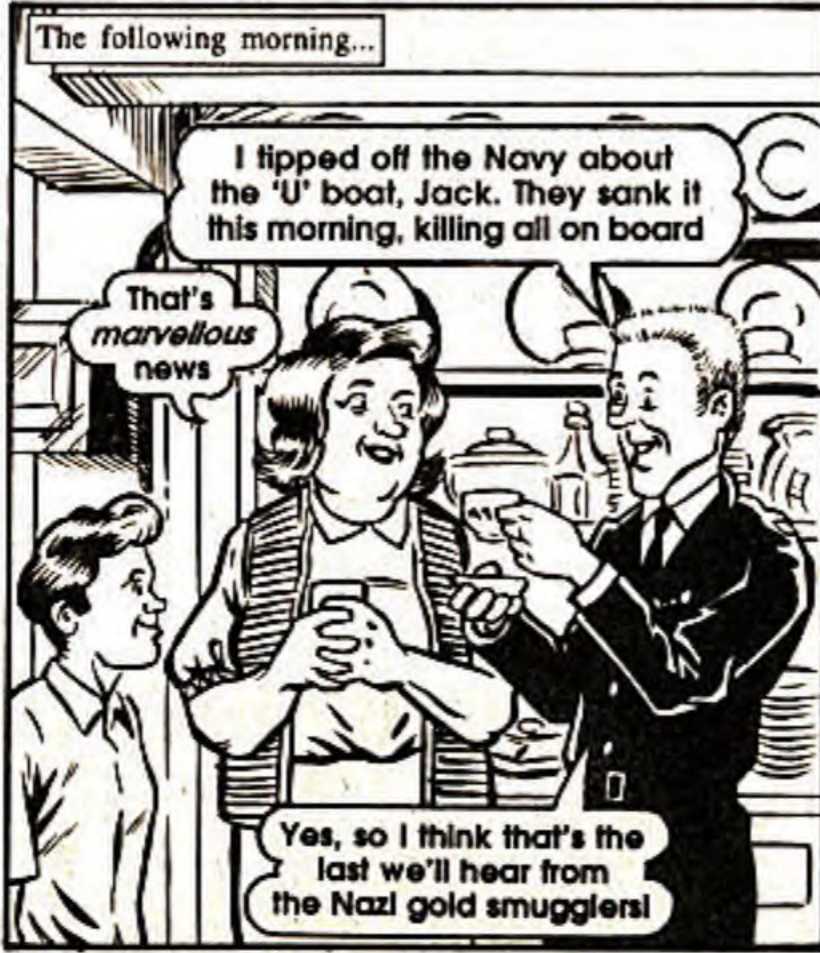


"It was beneath the stove of course. And every night Muller used it to smuggle more Nazi gold down to the beach".

"Well, even cowardly Germans wouldn't spend the entire war making toys. I knew they must have dug a tunnel somewhere".



"Under cover of darkness the gold was then picked up by a 'U' boat and shipped off to Brazil where it was used to pay for plastic surgery for top ranking Nazi war criminals requiring new identities"



The following morning...

I tipped off the Navy about the 'U' boat, Jack. They sank it this morning, killing all on board

That's marvellous news

Yes, so I think that's the last we'll hear from the Nazi gold smugglers!



Yes, and I don't think we'll be hearing any more from our thieving mechanical Nazi cuckoo either!

Ha ha ha ha

Ho ho ho!

Ruff Ruff!

Gnarl!

The End

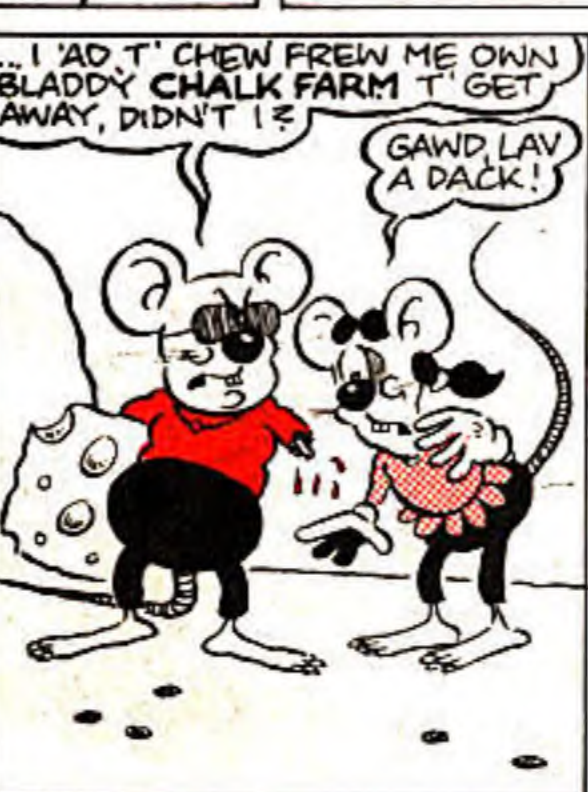
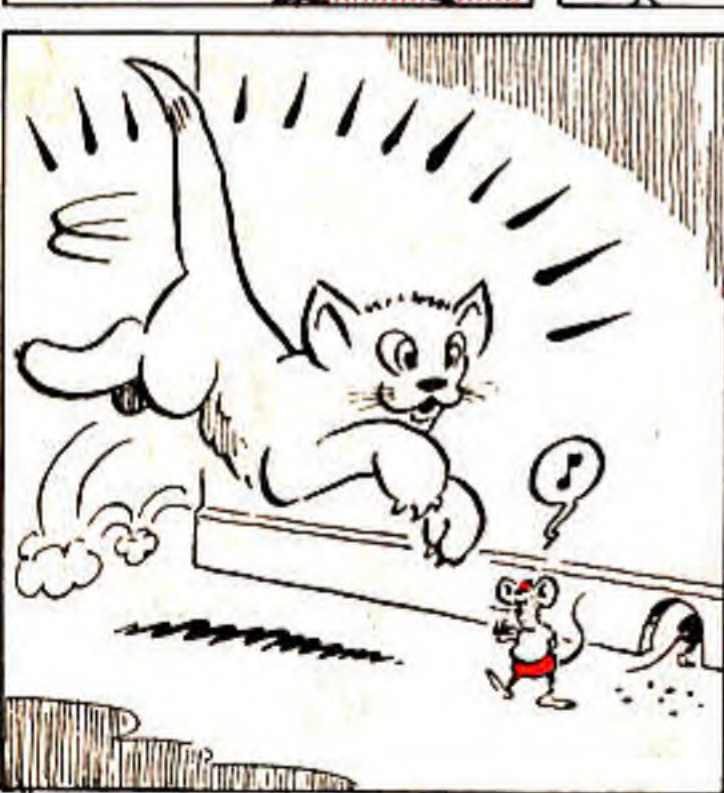
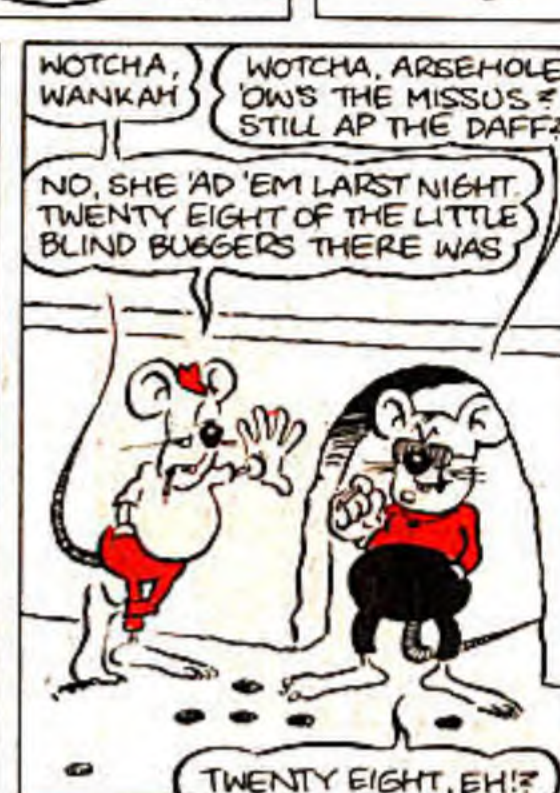
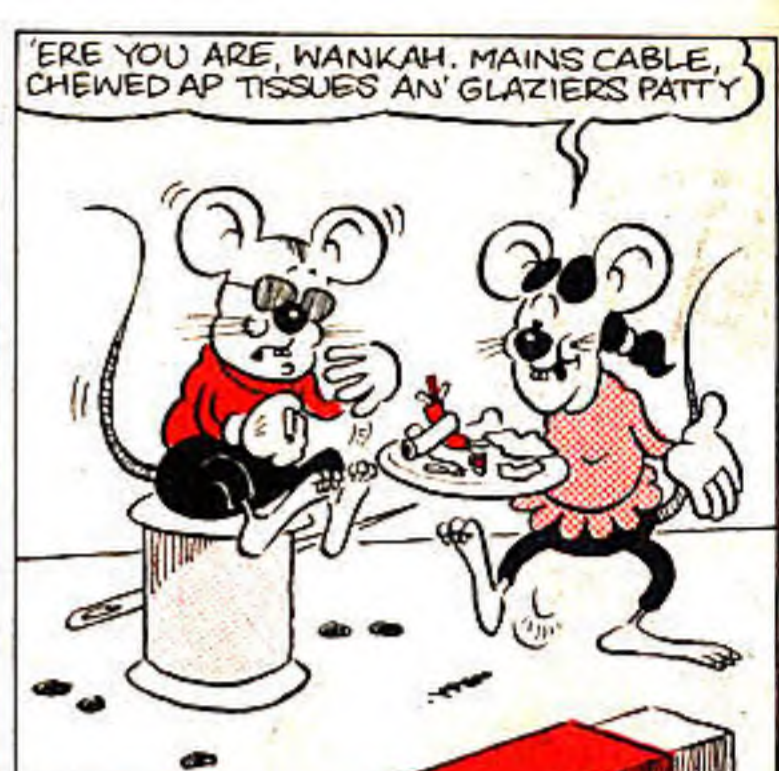






# COCKNEY WANKER

the Mouse





# The Experience of a Lifetime



15 DAYS: 29 APRIL - 13 MAY 1997

**MON 29th APRIL** Drive to Hull in beige Morris Marina which has done 412 miles since new. **TUES 30th** Morning sitting on boat whilst they try to start the engines **WED 1st MAY** Arrive at Goole for visit to Copper Kettle Tea Rooms where Tupperware will be on sale. **THURS 2nd** Arrive Grimsby. Minibus excursion to Tetney Post Office to pick up pensions. **FRI 3rd** Morning rounding Spurn Head. **SAT 4th** At sea. **SUN 5th** At sea. Ship springs diesel leak. **MON 6th** Drifting helplessly in the Hull-Oslo Ferry lane. Spectacular early morning near miss with Copenhagen Ferry. **TUES 7th** Arrive Redcar. Disembark for non-optional Quayside

## Cruise in style amidst a sea of Tupperware on the Tupperware Viking's maiden voyage

The quest for the dream holiday for lovers of practical, stylish and economical kitchen storage ends aboard the Tupperware Viking. As you enter the twilight of your life, Twilight Years Cruise Company present a once in a lifetime golden opportunity to set sail on that luxury cruise you've always dreamed of, as we invite you to shuffle aboard our magnificently converted factory ship for her maiden voyage around the Humber estuary, discovering new worlds of Tupperware.

### TAKE YOUR ENFEEBLED MIND ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

Your holiday begins at Hull docks, where you'll be given a cup of tea and a nice sit down. The staff and crew of the Tupperware Viking will be there to help you with the stairs when it's time to board the floating five star hotel that is to be your home for the next two weeks.

You'll feel instantly at home in your cosy, windowless cabin, thoughtfully ensconced deep in the bowels of the ship, close to the warmth and comforting drone of the engine room.

### RELAX IN THE COMFORT AND STYLE OF A BYGONE AGE

Time has little meaning aboard the Tupperware Viking. Your days are your own, whether you choose to spend them in the ship's own tea room, or relaxing under a tarpaulin on the sleet deck, drinking in the magnificent vistas of the North Sea. The ship has been specially designed with the mature passenger in mind. For instance, no matter where you are, you're never more than 50 metres from a lavatory.

There's even a coroner on board to ensure that the death of a loved one need not mean the end of your holiday. Burials at sea can be

arranged with an absolute minimum of fuss and paperwork.

### BUT MOST OF ALL, THERE'S THE TUPPERWARE

Each new dawn will bring a myriad of exciting Tupperware activities to choose from. The ship's Tupperware shop is open 24 hours a day for the sale of your favourite modular freezer-safe plastics at rock bottom prices. There's regular Tupperware displays and exhibitions, and our eminent speakers will guide you through an enlightening journey of Tupperware discovery. There's also a convenient trolley service, allowing you to buy Tupperware in the comfort of your own cabin.

### WE'LL ENTERTAIN YOU IN BODY AND MIND

On the cruise will be Professor Abel J. Cribb, former Principal Tupperwarologist at Bournemouth Kelloggs University, who will share his expertise in talks aboard and excursions ashore. And other eminent speakers will guide you through the exciting and intriguing world of flexible, lifetime guaranteed food storage systems. Each evening's talk is followed by a lively Tupperware Party, where you can dance to the Tupperware Band, and buy more Tupperware.

### POSSIBLY YOUR LAST CHANCE TO EXPERIENCE THIS SPECIAL TUPPERWARE HOLIDAY

None of us are getting any younger, and let's face it - you can't take it with you. Prices for the "Tupperware Cruise" start from £15,995 per person (that's about a mattress full). Price includes cup of tea and a sit down at Hull. All food and Tupperware are extra. A 10% discount is available for the geriatrically disorientated. Book now, before you die. Fill in the coupon today.

### GUEST SPEAKERS

**PROFESSOR ABEL J. CRIBB**

'What Price Food Freshness?'

**ROSS DAVIDSON** *Star of Eastenders*

'Storage of Cooked and Raw Meats'

**RICHARD BAKER** *Former BBC Newsreader and pensioner's friend.*

'From Tin to Tupperware! The history of the sandwich box'

**TV GLADIATOR 'SHADOW'**

'Breakfast Breakthrough - Keeping cereals crunchy the Tupperware way'

**DAME THORA HIRD**

'A Life in the Theatre (with Tupperware)'

Tupperware Market. **WED 8th** At sea. Small fire in engine room. Night spent on deck avoiding thick smoke. **THURS 9th** Towed into Teesport by slurry barge. Minibus excursion to Yarm Post Office to pick up pensions. **FRI 10th** At sea. Ship listing badly. Appears to be going in circles. **SAT 11th** Arrive Teesport again. Optional excursion to view magnificent fire at major petrochemical factory. **SUN 12th** Set sail for Hull. Relaxing day at sea. Captains farewell Tupperware Dinner in the evening. **MON 13th** Ship runs aground on Kilnsea sand flats. Transfer by Bosun's Chair to minibus. **TUES 14th** Minibus runs into ditch in Partringham. Unscheduled overnight stay in minibus in ditch. **WED 15th** Arrive at Hull Docks car park 48 hours late. Beige Marina stolen.



## TWILIGHT CRUISES TC

Yes! My time is ticking away and I've already lost most of my marbles.  
I enclose £15,995 cash.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

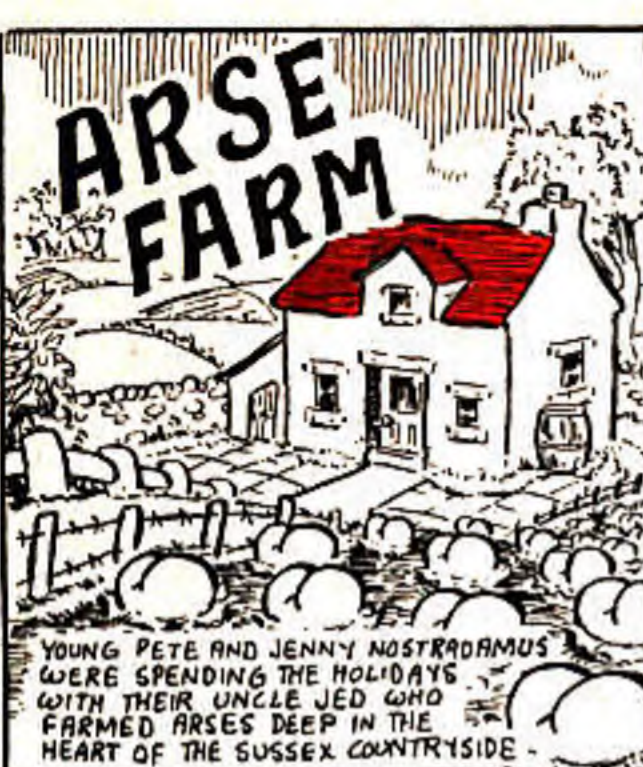
Post Code \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: Flag of Convenience Holidays Ltd.  
(Dept TUP), PO Box 6, Liberia

\* For misleading purposes, the ship illustrated may and will differ from the one you travel on. The companies terms and conditions are subject to international maritime law under which no refund can be given.







YOUNG PETE AND JENNY NOSTRADAMUS WERE SPENDING THE HOLIDAYS WITH THEIR UNCLE JED WHO FARMED ARSES DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE SUSSEX COUNTRYSIDE



THE TWO CHILDREN FOUND UNCLE JED OUT IN THE FIELDS



I HOPE YOU KIDS ARE PREPARED FOR A BIT OF HARD WORK

I'VE A BUMPER CROP THIS YEAR, AND MY ARSES ARE PLUMP AND RIPE FOR HARVESTING



DON'T WORRY UNCLE JED - WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF HONEST TOIL

YES - WE'LL HAVE YOUR BUMS PICKED AND BALED IN NO TIME

HA HA THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR



JUST THEN

GOOD MORNING

I AM SIR CHARLES FANSHAW, THE MILLIONAIRE VACUUM CLEANER MAGNATE



I WOULD LIKE TO BUY THIS LAND OFF YOU PLEASE

I INTEND TO BULLDOZE YOUR FARM TO THE GROUND AND BUILD A HUGE VACUUM CLEANER FACTORY IN ITS PLACE



HEH, SORRY SIR CHARLES - BUT THE FARM IS NOT FOR SALE

WHY, MY FAMILY HAVE BEEN GROWING BUMCHECKS ON THIS LAND FOR NIGH ON FOUR GENERATIONS. ARSE-FARMING IS MY LIFE - IT'S IN MY BLOOD



SENTIMENTAL NONSENSE! ORGANICALLY CULTIVATED BUTTOCKS ARE A THING OF THE PAST

THIS IS THE AGE OF TECHNOLOGY, AND THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER



JUST SEE HOW MY DELUXE FANSHAW SUCKMASTER BEATS AS IT SWEEPS AS IT CLEANS

UNCLE JED! HE'S HOOVERING YOUR KHYBERS!



LOOK HERE SIR CHARLES - TAKE YOUR FANCY GADGETS AND GET OFF MY PROPERTY

VERY WELL - BUT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF ME!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED PETE AND JENNY WORKED WITH A WILL AT GATHERING IN THE RUMP HARVEST



WE'D BEST ALL GET AN EARLY NIGHT TONIGHT KIDS

IT'S MARKET DAY IN BARTON TOMORROW SO WE'LL NEED TO BE THERE GOOD AND EARLY TO SELL OUR PRODUCE



NEXT MORNING THE CHILDREN SET OFF WITH UNCLE JED FOR BARTON MARKET

AH, HERE'S OLD MRS TIMMS

SHE BUYS ONE OF MY ARSES EVERY YEAR WITHOUT FAIL



THERE YOU GO, MRS TIMMS. JUST FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS MAGNIFICENT PAIR OF MUDDLAPS

OH, NO THANKS - I WON'T BE WANTING ONE THIS YEAR...



I'VE SPENT ALL MY MONEY ON THIS NEW VACUUM CLEANER INSTEAD

LOOK - IT'S ALL SMART AND SHINY WITH FLASHING LIGHTS AND IT MAKES A HUMMING NOISE



AND, AT THE MARKET

DON'T BUY ARSES

BUY VACUUM CLEANERS INSTEAD "THEY'RE MUCH MORE FASHIONABLE"

UNCLE JED! THAT BILLBOARD!

SO THAT'S IT! SIR CHARLES HAS BEEN USING ADVERTISING TO SNEAKILY LURE AWAY MY CUSTOMERS



MUMMY! MUMMY! LOOK AT THE SILLY RUSTICS WITH THEIR QUANT OLD-FASHIONED MERCHANDISE

AREN'T THEY PATHETIC?

HA HA! YES, DARLING



THE TOWNSFOLK ARE TURNING UP THEIR NOSES AT OUR BOTTOMS, UNCLE JED

YES, KIDS. THEIR MINDS HAVE BEEN POISONED BY THE DAZZLE AND GLITTER OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY



LOOKS LIKE I'VE WON, OLD TIMER

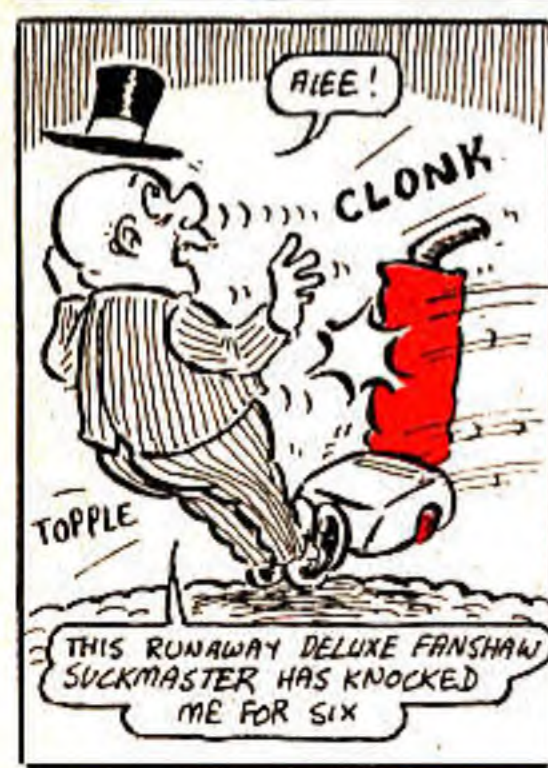
YOUR GRUBBY OLD BUM-FARMING BUSINESS IS ALL WASHED UP



SUDDENLY OH DEAR - I'VE ACCIDENTLY LET GO OF MY VACUUM CLEANER ON THIS SLIGHT HILL

TRUNDLE TRUNDLE

LOOK OUT BELOW!



AIEE!

CLOONK

TOPPLE

THIS RUNAWAY DELUXE FANSHAW SUCKMASTER HAS KNOCKED ME FOR SIX



HELP! I'VE SUSTAINED SEVERE MULTIPLE FRACTURES

DON'T WORRY SIR CHARLES - THE AMBULANCE IS ON ITS WAY



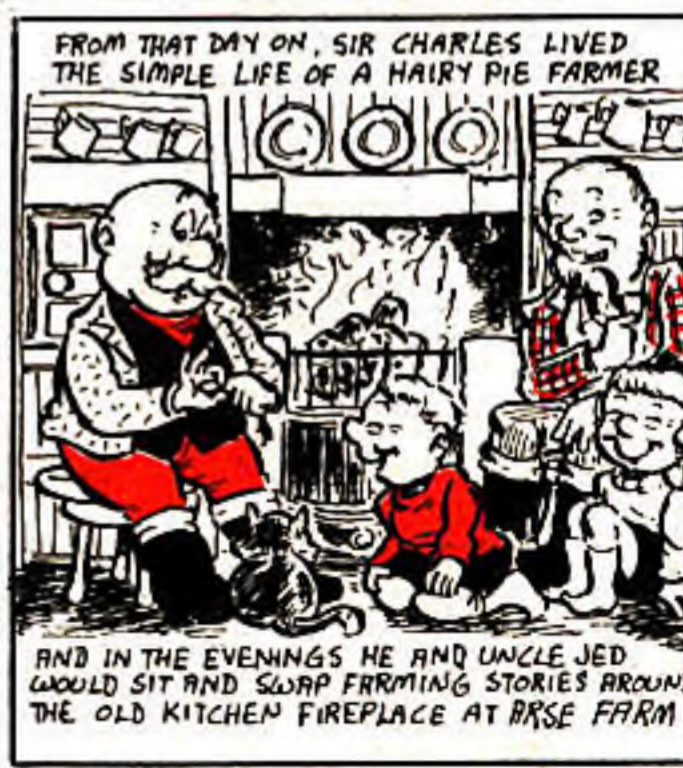
AND LATER THIS SCIENTIFIC ABOMINATION COULD HAVE KILLED ME

I WAS NEARLY DESTROYED BY MY OWN "FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER"



I REALISE NOW THAT MODERN TECHNOLOGY ISN'T SUCH A GOOD THING, AFTER ALL

SO I'VE DECIDED TO LIVE IN A LOG CABIN WITH MY OWN LITTLE PLOT OF LAND, AND GROW MINGES



FROM THAT DAY ON, SIR CHARLES LIVED THE SIMPLE LIFE OF A HAIRY PIE FARMER

AND IN THE EVENINGS HE AND UNCLE JED WOULD SIT AND SWOP FARMING STORIES AROUND THE OLD KITCHEN FIREPLACE AT ARSE FARM



## WINNERS

### ISSUE 80

**INEPT CRIME:** Inept Crime books go to Richard Easton, Newburn. Mr D E Roberts, Whickham. R Ward, Northallerton. Phil Glass, Leeds. L Colmer, Canterbury. B Devine, Devizes. Nick Talbot, Woking. Daniel Taylor, Hull. Steve Middleton, Nottingham. Sally Trundle, Newcastle upon Tyne. Neville Kenyon, Enfield. David Clapham, Sheffield. Pete O'Reilly, Preston. Alexander Proven, Glasgow. M Holland, Emsworth. Mr R Fawcett, Barrowford. Colin Gray, Wallington. R Birchall, Clapton. R Walton, Cambridge. Greg Francis, Cardiff. Grant, Totteridge. R A Shamim, Shepherds Bush. David Lopatis, Walthamstow. Matthew Griffiths, Wallasey. Stilton Micawber, Stockport. Dave Lawson, Maidenhead. Nicky Cox, Godalming. John Willcock, Bodmin. Miss S Bassett, Dartford. Emma Poole, Guildford. Mr A A Tull, Stratford. Lee Richardson, Cambridge. Mr J Cowling, Swindon. M S Glassey, Houghton le Spring. A J Davies, Wollaton. Richard Cracknell, Walthamstow. John I Falloy, Barnet. Andy Dolman, Woolacombe. Mike Painter, Harrow. Ian Walmsley, Glossop. Phil Hulme, Exeter. Louise Prince, Camberley. Chris Jones, Wallasey. Andrew Metcalf, Burnhope. Steve Dodds, Seaham. David Allison, Glasgow. John Maskey, Colchester. Resti Costabell, London. D M Marcus, Hove. Nigel Clark, Dorking. Finally, congratulations to the following fuckwits who got the answers wrong even though they were printed at the end of the competition. Mr A Coughlan, Merthyr Tydfil. S Webb, Worthing. Mr A R Hague, Windsor.

**HOBGOBLIN:** Ten crates of Hobgoblin go to Mrs J Thorp, Oakwood.

### ISSUE 81

**SID THE SEXIST:** Sid books go to Julie Horwill, Bradford. Mr W D Jones, Spain. S Milne, Tynemouth. Mr S Adams, Coleford. Will Bates, Norwich. Paul Robson, Hayes. Paul Kirrane, Harrow. Nick Talbot, Woking. Lisa McGreevy, Cheshunt. Tom Dillinger, Edware. Frank Aski, Seaton Delaval. Anthony Hetty, London. John Maskey, Colchester. Chris Morgan, Dewsbury. Paul Harley, Catford. Mr R Mortimore, Leamington Spa. Mr L Nelson, Stockton. Mr T N Smith, Sutton. Peter Sutton, Hyde. David Clapham, Sheffield. Richard Kilroy, Keighley. Bill Thackray, Addington. Neville Kenyon, Enfield. Matt Bancroft, Barnet. Marshall Craig, Sandbank. Steve Hewitt, Middlesbrough. Chris Stanners, Leeds. Eddy Warde, Glasgow. S Webb, Worthing. William Morcombe, St Asaph. Noel Jones, Surrey. Mr I Bartlett, Wallasey. Patrick Craig, Essex. R Hiles, Edinburgh. Paul Greenham, Maldon. Matt Alexander, Cumbernauld. B Devine, Devizes. Richard Easton, Rothbury. Jim Callaway, Liverpool. Andy Collins, Southport. Mr M Pickles, Leeds. Mike Painter, Harrow. S Davidson, Perth. Miss Lynette K Sheehan, Herne Bay. C Eastwood, Bradford. Mr M J Baker, Havant. Mr D Harrison, Hounslow. Sarah Dawson, Newcastle upon Tyne. Ian Cuff, Dorset. Phil Glass, Leeds.

### HOW TO ENTER

Write your answers on a postcard with a pen, or on your computer with a mouse, and post them to:

**Viz, P.O. Box 1PT,  
Newcastle upon Tyne,  
NE99 1PT**

Or E mail them to:  
**web@johnbrown.co.uk**

Remember to include your own name and postal address. Closing date for competitions in this issue is 10th March 1997.

# Win a piss up in

**Could you organise a piss up in brewery? Well now's your chance to find out, because we're giving one away - for ten people - to the winner of this boozy competition.**

We get sent so many bottles of shit novelty booze - like Hobgoblin ale, Dogs Bollocks bitter, Old Fucking Shitty Dick Original or whatever - we've decided to launch our own brand of novelty bottled beer. We've called it 'Viz Top Tipple', and the novelty is that unlike other novelty beers, it's nice.

We don't brag about its strength. If you like a beer that'll knock you out, try farting into a can of Carlsberg Special Brew. Top Tipple is just an ordinary 4.5%, so you can drink a few bottles without fear of helicopter gun ship attack. It's properly brewed - there's no dandruff or phlegmy bits at the bottom - and you won't wake up feeling like you've drank a cocktail of cat's piss and lighter fuel. Top Tipple is smooth, pleasant to drink, and comes in a nice brown bottle. You can buy it from various places that the girl in the marketing department was going to ring back and tell us. But she didn't.

Top Tipple is brewed at a small, smoggie run brewery in Middlesbrough, but don't worry. Its nowhere near the petro chemical works. You can see for yourself if you win this competition, because you and nine of your mates will get to visit the brewery and witness the fascinating process whereby hand picked hops are mixed with water and yeast, then left in big shiny vats to ferment under the brewer's watchful eye. Then you'll get to play your own part in the process by turning some of the beer into piss.

There's also an excellent home boozing opportunity in the form of a crate of Top Tipple for 12 lucky runners up. Just answer these questions on Booze and Boozers.

1. Hollywood boozier Dean Martin carried out which of the following home improvements to satisfy his craving for booze.

- (a) He built a brewery in the cellar
- (b) He built a swimming pool and filled it with booze
- (c) He built a bar in every room of his house

2. All of the following celebrities got permanently legless (but in a literal, rather than a boozed up sense). But only one lost his pegs after having too much booze. Which one?

- (a) Arthur Askey
- (b) Jeffrey Barnard
- (c) Douglas Bader

3. Which former gusset flooding, knicker elastic snapping crooner built himself a traditional British boozier in his California back garden?

- (a) Tom Jones
- (b) Tony Bennett
- (c) Englebert Humperdink

4. In an early forerunner of the now common TV ads in which attractive women say things in stupid voices, thick-as-a-plank, thin-as-a-beanpole actress Lorraine Chase said "Naah, Luton airport".



Her saying "Naah, Luton airport" was intended to promote the sales of what booze?

- (a) Campari
- (b) Martini
- (c) Watney's Red Barrel

## Viz booze is making the nooze

5. Not-in-the-least-bit-wrinkly actress Joan Collins had booze poured down her front repeatedly by Leonard Rossiter during a series of TV ads in the seventies. Which booze was it?



- (a) Babycham
- (b) Martini
- (c) Cinzano

6. Two of these former comedians now make their living plugging booze on the telly. The other one doesn't. He just drinks it. Who is he?

- (a) Jack Dee
- (b) Mike Yarwood
- (c) Dennis Leary

7. What did a pint of Whitbread 'Big Head' Trophy Bitter think it was?

- (a) A teapot
- (b) A quart
- (c) Piss

8. Which former U.S. President's wife now runs a top hotel for boozed up stars?

- (a) Nancy Regan
- (b) Betty Ford
- (c) Doris Roosevelt

9. Which Carry On star carried on boozing up to the point where his piles began to stink of whisky?

- (a) Kenneth Williams
- (b) Jim Dale
- (c) Sid James

10. Two of these booze happy rock stars continue to confound kidney specialists by remaining alive. The other doesn't. Which one died of the booze?

- (a) Ozzy Osborne out of Black Sabbath



- (b) Brian Connolly out of The Sweet
- (c) Bonn Scott out of AC/DC

11. Which football team holds the record for the fielding the highest number of alcoholics in a Premier League match?

- (a) Chelsea
- (b) Wimbledon
- (c) Arsenal





# brewery



12. Cheers! In which fictitious TV boozer are this fictitious TV couple posing?

- (a) *The Queen Vic*
- (b) *The Dagmar*
- (c) *Strokes Wine Bar*

13. Which fictitious TV pub was partly demolished by a fictitious runaway lorry in 1979?

- (a) *The Woolpack*
- (b) *The Rovers Return*
- (c) *The Queen Vic*

14. Eight years later fictitious Eastenders TV pub The Dagmar staged a daring theme night to attract customers away from its fictitious TV rival pub The Queen Vic. What was the event?

- (a) *A Mardi Gras Night*
- (b) *A Tupperware Party*
- (c) *A £25 a head strip show featuring four 'exotic dancers' from Manchester who dance naked for the first half of the show, then, after a short interval perform sexual intercourse live on stage with numerous members of the audience.*

15. In direct retaliation, what sort of theme night did the Queen Vic stage?

- (a) *A Country and Western night*
- (b) *A lap dancing night, with Michelle Fowler circulating around the tables, shaking her tits in everyone's faces*
- (c) *A bare knuckle boxing night*

16. Which fictitious straight barman of a fictitious TV boozer came out

of the real life closet recently to reveal that he is both gay and bald? We think.

- (a) *Sam Malone*
- (b) *Jack Duckworth*
- (c) *Dennis Watts*

17. Which of the following fictitious radio licensed premises is NOT in the fictitious Archer's town of Ambridge?

- (a) *The Bull*
- (b) *Nelson's*
- (c) *The Cat and Fiddle*

18. It is not our intention to imply that any of the following three people have a drink problem. But which one of the following three blokes would you least expect to find lying unconscious in a crumpled heap at the bottom of your garden on a Sunday morning, stinking of booze?

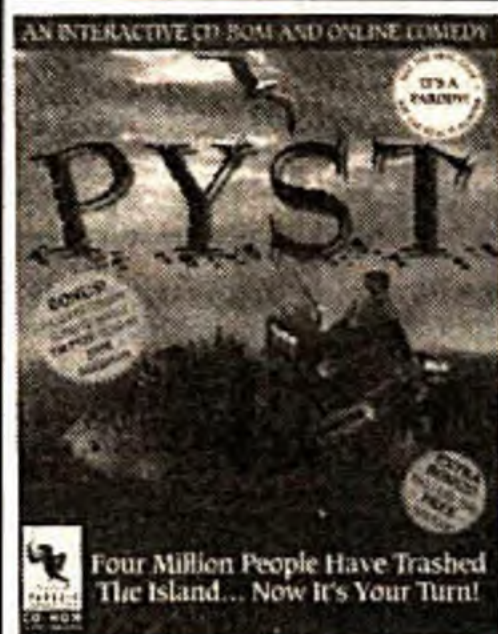
- (a) *Sir Nicholas Scott*
- (b) *Brian Clough*
- (c) *Prince Andrew*

Please mark your entries 'Viz Beer'

If any real-life licensee would like to sell Viz Top Tipple, please ring George at the North Yorkshire Brewing Company on (01642) 226224



## Get Pyst in your bedroom



If you've ever heard of MYST, which is some sort of computer game, then you'll probably be amused to hear about PYST. Because PYST is a piss take of MYST.

If you're a computer buff with no pressing social engagements on the horizon, you can check Pyst out for yourself on the Interweb world wide superhighway site. The number to press is [www.pyst.com](http://www.pyst.com) We've got twelve copies of this "hilarious" rom CD to give away. Test your knowledge of information technology by answering the following computered questions.

1. If you wanted to switch your computer on, what would you do?

- (a) *Work it over*
- (b) *Boot it up*
- (c) *Kick its fucking teeth in*

2. What's an Apple Mac?

- (a) *It's a fruit, chief*
- (b) *It's a computer, pal*
- (c) *It's a beefburger with apple sauce*

3. If your computer 'goes down', what is it doing?

- (a) *Falling off the table*
- (b) *Switching itself off due to a fault*
- (c) *Sucking your television's cock*

4. How long after passing your test are you allowed to take your computer on the super information highway?

- (a) *6 months*
- (b) *2 years*
- (c) *Straight away*

Send your post cards by either Royal or E mail to the usual address to arrive by no later than the latest date by which they should arrive.

## Half price rice!

### Rupali's loss is your grain

**Award winning mental case restaurateur Abdul Latif is one onion short of a bhajl.**

For the vinda-loopy owner of Newcastle's Rupali restaurant is offering every Viz reader half price rice! Half price meals actually, but that wouldn't make a very good headline.

The Rupali, situated in the heart of Newcastle's tottie belt, is famous for its arse rending 'Curry Hell' challenge. But proprietor Abdul Latif, Lord of Harpole, the first ever Bangladeshi Lord of the Manor, is just as well known for his charity work as he is for making peoples' arses bleed. His restaurant enjoys a glowing reputation for fine cuisine, and over the years has been honoured with numerous prestigious awards, such as the 1987 Northumbria Tourist Board 'Marketing Initiative' Award, the 1992 North of England Good Curry Guide 'Best Restaurant' Award, and the 1996 Newcastle Herald & Post Newspapers 'Best Restaurant' Award. Not to mention a Commendation in 1994 for his 'Lifelong Contribution to sales of Imodium'.

Lord Harpole would be honoured once again if you, our readers, would take a trip to his red hot curry house and take advantage of the following biry-barmi offer. Simply arrive at the restaurant with a copy of Viz, and you'll receive your tandoori, curry or balti dishes - together with pilau rice - for half price! The Rupali is at No.6 Bigg Market, Newcastle upon Tyne. Less than three hours

from central London by train, plus a five minute walk.

For readers who can't poppadom down to Newcastle, here's a chance to win a meal for four, served up by the Rupali restaurant, and delivered direct to your door by courier. It might still be hot, depending on where you live. If you make a Lord-able attempt to answer these Lordy questions, the prize could be yours.

1. Their brains and their bladders might be on the way out, but the committee of that upright institution the M.C.C. are still very much in control of English cricket. Where are their headquarters?

- (a) *Lourdes*
- (b) *Lords*
- (c) *The Louvre*

2. Which actor played detective Steve McGarrett in the seventies TV series Hawaii Five-0?

- (a) *Telly Savalas*
- (b) *Raymond Burr*
- (c) *Jack Lord*

3. Which of the following is the odd one out (because it is a hymn and dance show, as opposed to a book about flies or rings).

- (a) *Lord Of The Flies*
- (b) *Lord Of The Dance*
- (c) *Lord Of The Rings*

Send your answers, etc. The winner will be sent a Rupali Restaurant menu in the post. Once you have chosen your meal, we will make the necessary arrangements for delivery.

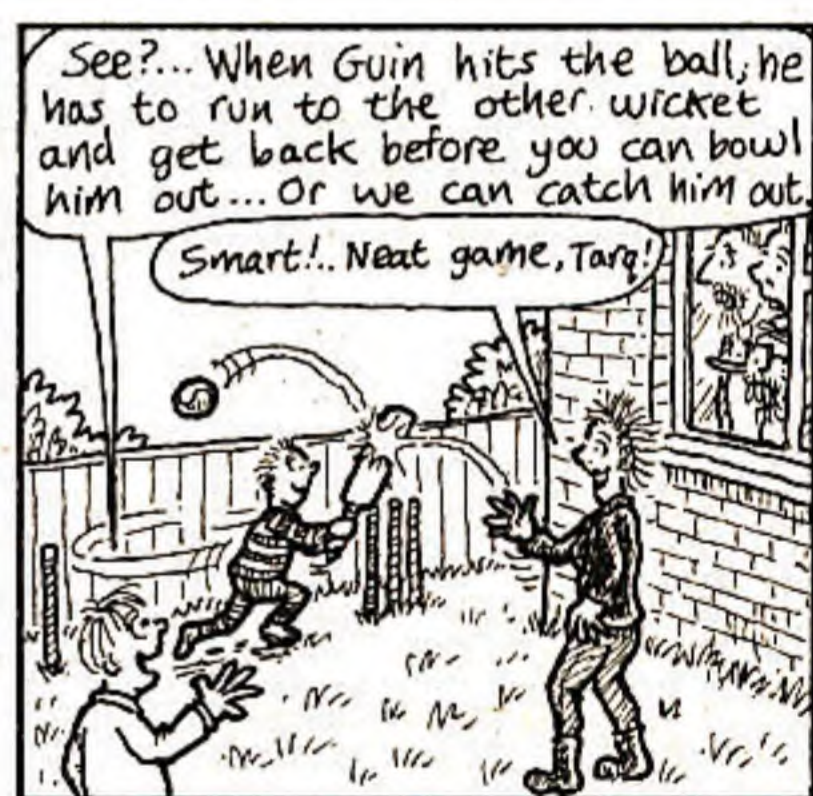
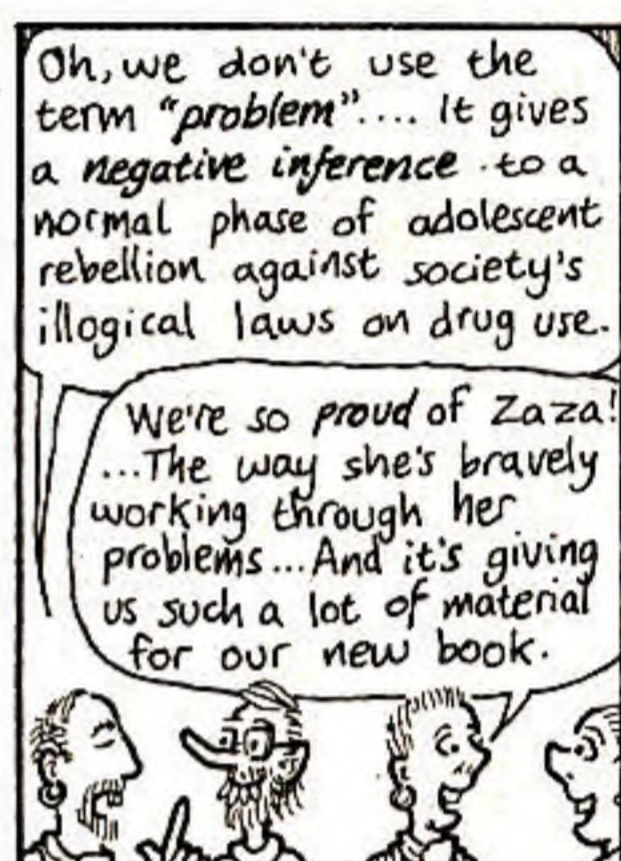
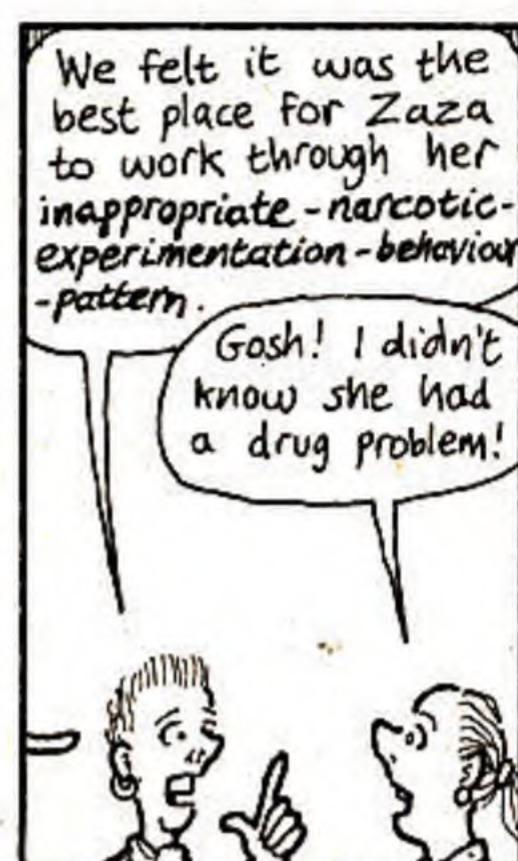
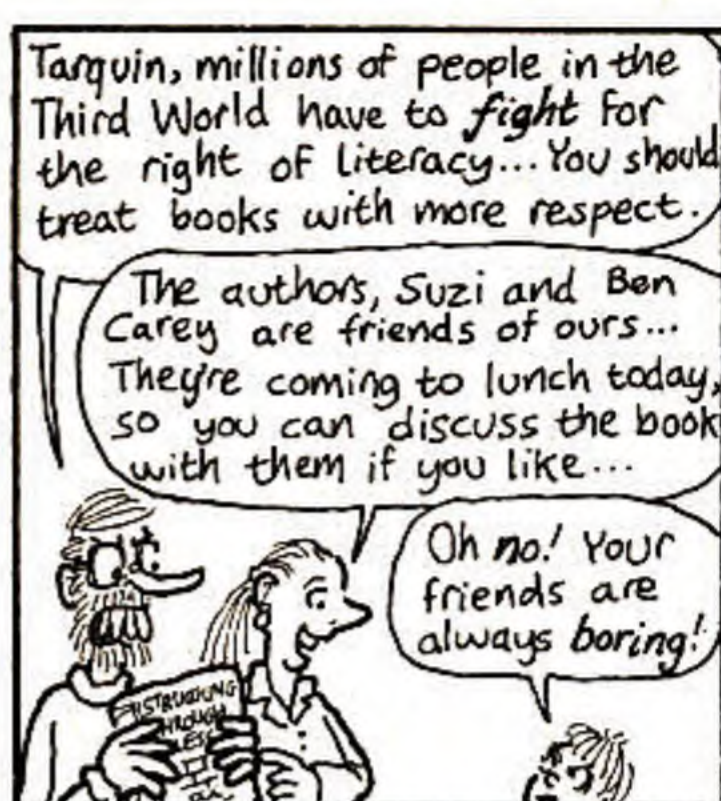


Abdul Latif, Lord of Harpole receiving yet another prestigious award - in the form of a tu'penny ha'penny plaque - from some old bird yesterday.





# The MODERN PARENTS









# GENUINE KNOCKED OFF ~~VIZ~~ T SHIRTS

## £5 EACH!!

WARNING: These T-shirts are  
STOLEN. If you see a copper  
coming TURN OVER THE PAGE  
Sharpish!

Me and my Mate's just done the Viz  
warehouse again. We've got loadz  
of BARGAIN gear to shift.

**NO SHIT!** Come on ladies.

Take your pick from these lot:-



**Roger Say's Bollocks**

Roger Mally - the bloke who swears!

**Cockney Wanker**

Alright Darlin'!

**FARMER PARMER**

"Get off my land!!!"

⑫ **SWEARY FLAGS!**

## HOW TO BUY THEM

Either come down the pub at lunch time  
(I'll be in the gents toilets) or you  
can buy them buy **POST**.

Tell us what shirts your after and  
make cheques payable to me, "Dennis".

Send them to Dennis, %Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle NE99 1PT

DON'T SAY NOWT TO NOBODY - AND NO CASH - The Postie's a teat.

**ONLY**  
**£5.00**

NO POST TO PAY  
NIETHER.



# JOHNNY FARTPANTS

**BRUMP!**

SEE A BUTTON ON THAT!

MORE CHEESE-CUTTING CHUCKLES FROM THE BOY WITH THE YODELLING STARFISH

... YES, I'LL HAVE THE TRIPLE TUREEN OF KING SIZE SPROUTS.

ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?

... YES, A SIDE ORDER OF SPROUTS

SO, SHORTLY... YOU KNOW JOHNNY, WHAT I REALLY LIKE IN A BOY IS A HOOPY JERSEY... A HOOPY JERSEY AND A SPIDER HAIR-DO... AND LUMPY TWEED SHORTS AND DOUGHNUT SOCKS...

... IN FACT THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I REALLY CAN'T STAND IN A BOY...

... AND THAT'S FARTING.

**GUMPH!**

**SPROUTS GONE!**

EXCUSE ME... I'VE GOT TO PAY A VISIT!

**RUMBLE!**

OH NO!... CLOSED!

**GENTS**

SORRY OUT OF ORDER

**QUAKE!**

I'LL DROP IT IN THE LIFT AND GET OUT ON THE NEXT FLOOR, THEN WALK BACK DOWN.

**PING!**

RESTAURANT

**SWISH!**

OH, NO!

G 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

... IT'S FULL OF VICARS!

G 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

I MUST FIND SOMEWHERE BEFORE I EXPLODE... I'VE GOT THE TURTLE'S BREATH!

**HOTEL DE POSH**

**TO THE PARK**

LISTEN TO THIS, TOO GOOD TO MISS... LA-LA LA-LA-LA...

SHHHHHHH!

2 MINUTES SILENCE FOR THE OLD FOLK.

**CHURCH HALL**

INSIDE...

**PHEW! READY TO LET RIP!**

**RUMBLE!**

**GUMPH!**

**SLAP!**

HOUSE OF CARDS WORLD RECORD ATTEMPT. ABSOLUTE QUIET.

**COCONUT AIRWAYS**

**TAXI**

**TO THE ALPS**

HAUT DANGER! AVALANCHES! DANGER! NICHT FARTENHOSER!

**BAH!**

THERE'S NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT. NOWHERE TO FART. I'LL HAVE TO HOLD IT IN!

**RUMBLE!**

HELLO AGAIN JOHNNY. I'VE ORDERED YOUR PUDDING.

**CHURN! RUMBLE! QUAKE! BUBBLE! UBBLE!**

**SPROUT BOMB**

**FWUMPH!**

**BANG!**

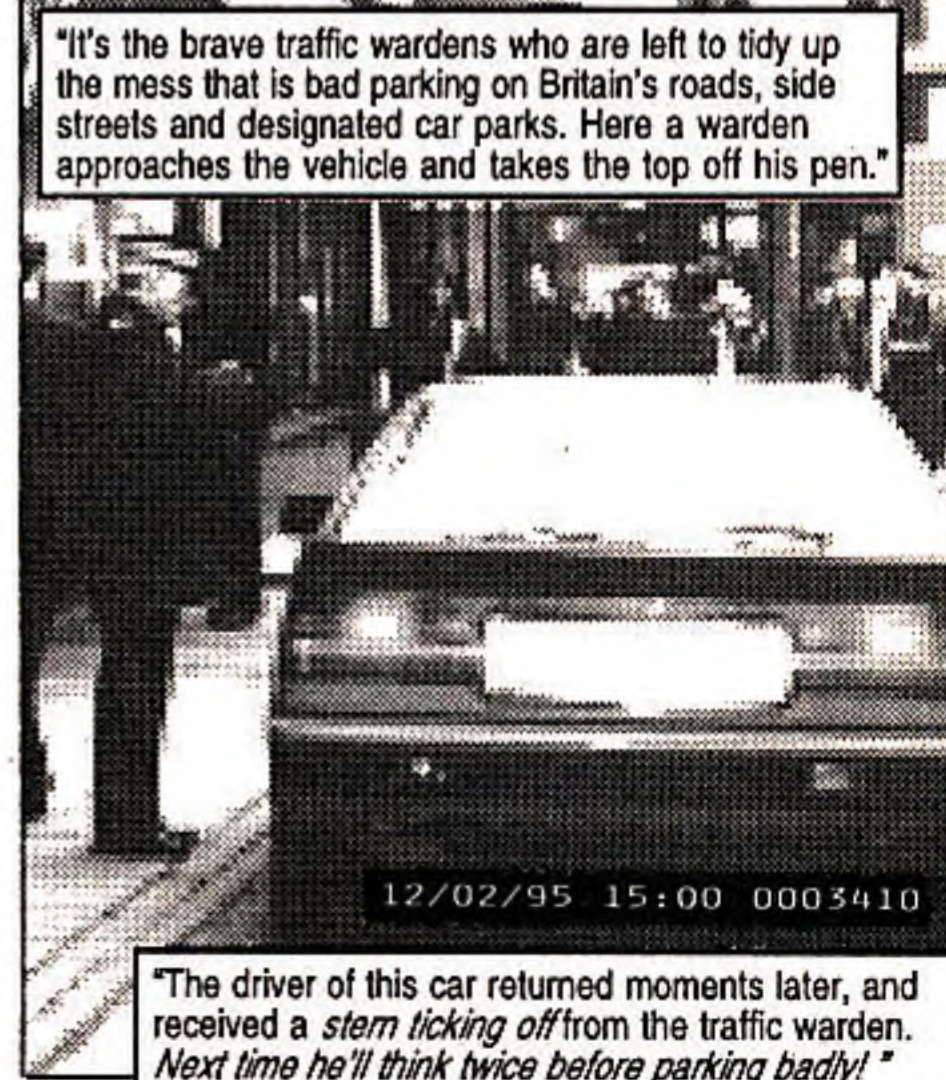
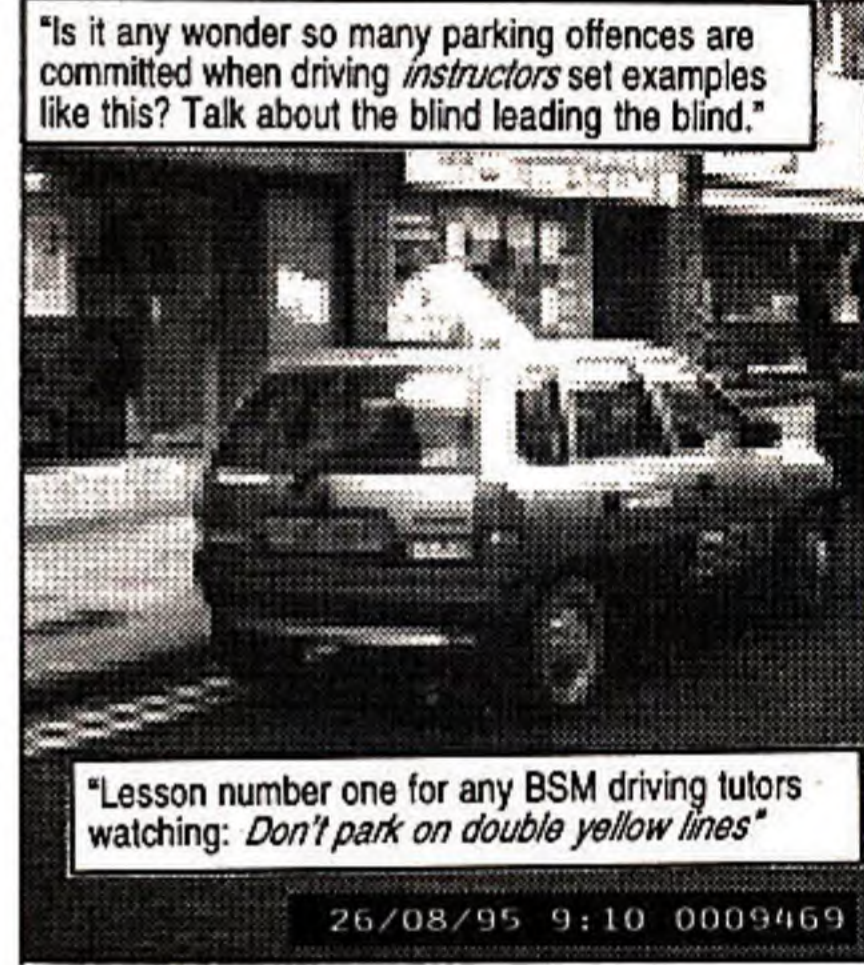
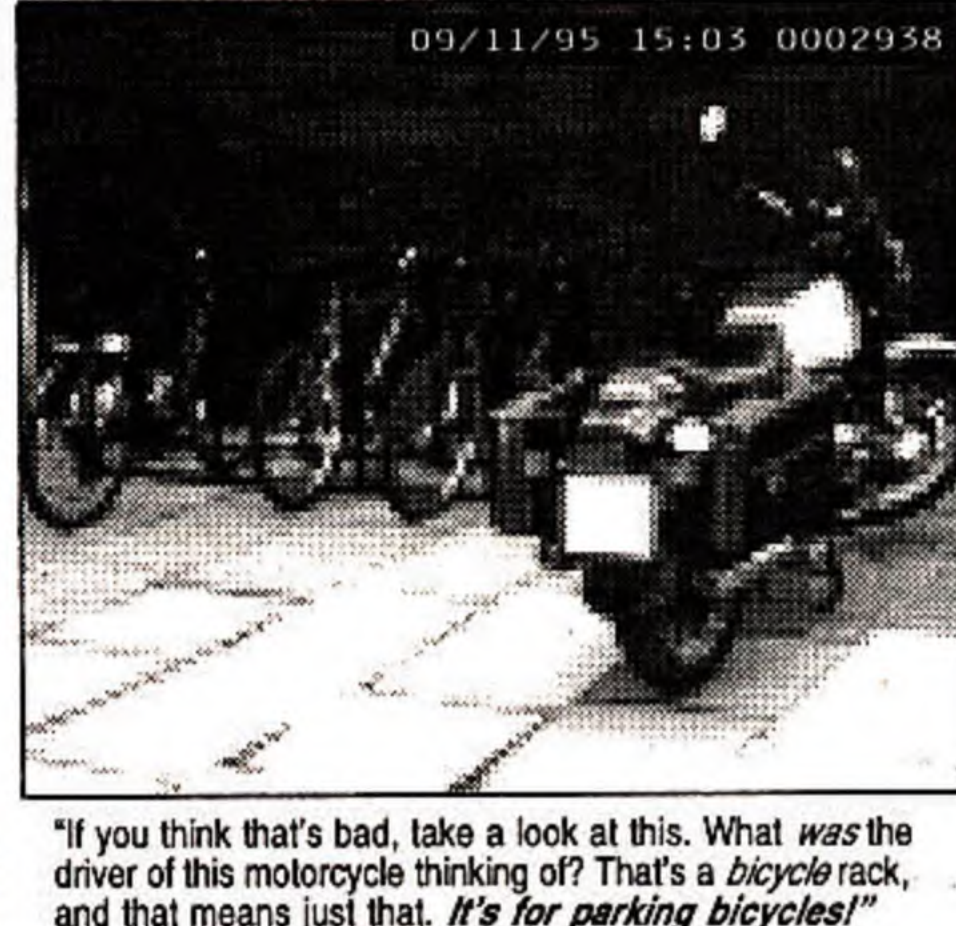
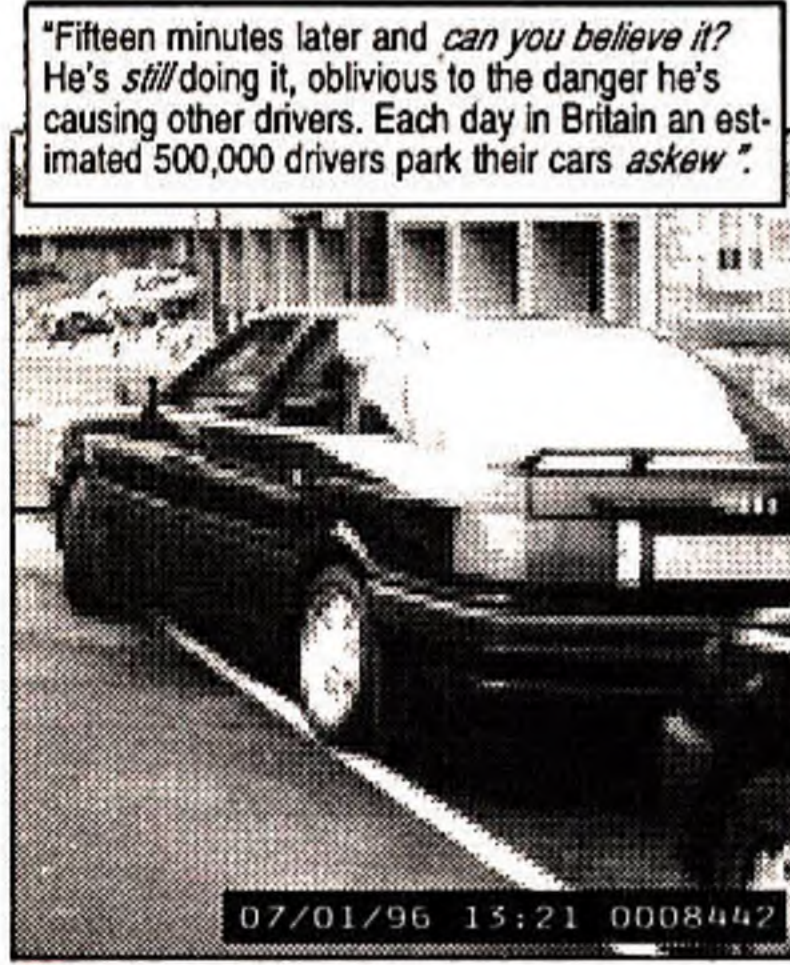
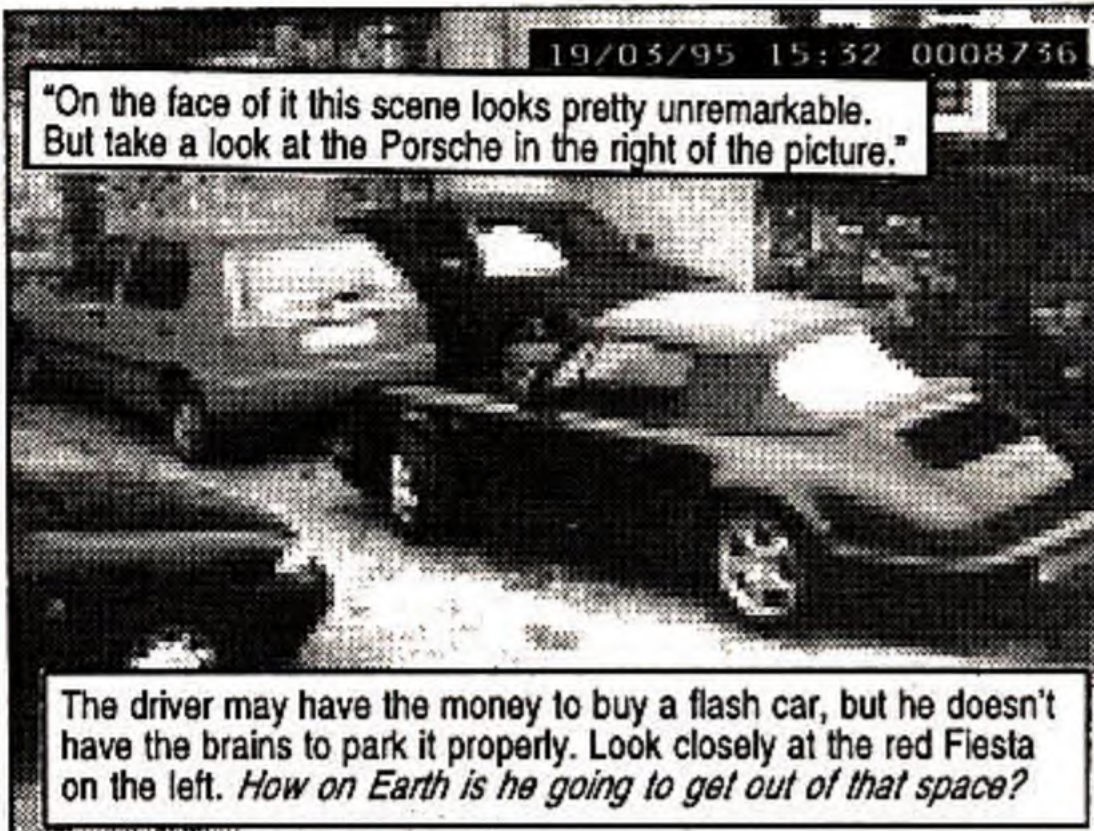
OOPS. SORRY. PARDON ME.

**PHEW! WHAT A FUCKIN' STINK!**

MONTH-DEAD BEACHED WHALE FOETID STENCH

WARNING: READERS REMEMBER, HOLDING A FART IN CAN BE DANGEROUS AND MAY CAUSE YOUR HEART TO EXPLODE.





"Not only is he parked illegally on a double yellow line - blocking a busy bus lane - but the cretin has also mounted the kerb! Just watch the pedestrian in the anorak in the left of the picture as he walks past - and misses the vehicle by less than 2 feet! A lucky escape for him on this occasion"

"Reckless and foolhardy parking which frankly beggars belief. He thought he'd get away with it. But this driver's luck just ran out."

"That's all for this week's show. Hope you've enjoyed it. More crazy parking manoeuvres and double yellow line action from Britain's car parks next time!"